



**Moscow Holiday**

*Photograph by Boris RASKIN*



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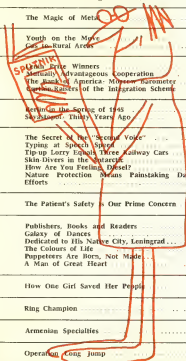


## TRAVEL BY SOVIET RAILWAYS



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*The aim of SPUTNIK is  
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what is going on in our  
country, drawing on the  
whole diversity of the So-  
viet press for this purpose.*

*SPUTNIK reprints, in  
full or in abridged form,  
material taken from the  
central and local press.*

## Dear Reader,

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is a vital Soviet magazine.

SPUTNIK

introduces you to the best in  
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tells you what people are  
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SPUTNIK · read it for yourself  
We welcome your questions,  
comments and suggestions,  
which will be reported in the  
Letters Section of SPUTNIK.

Sincerely,  
The Editors



## FRONT COVER:

"Hungarian Dance" as performed by  
the Byelorussian State Dance Ensemble.

Photograph by Valeri GENDENOT

Design and Layout —

Eteri SIMANOVICH

## DEAR READERS,

**We want your comments and  
suggestions!**

**They help in the production  
of this magazine. We await your  
letters.**

**Our address: Novosti Press  
Agency,**

**2 Pushkin Square, Moscow, USSR.**

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YHTSEISTYÖ - HELSINKI, FINLAND

# Letters to the Editor

## PEACE POLICES

I would like to say a few words about the  
Soviet foreign policy peace offensive. The  
whole world watched the progress of General  
Secretary of the Central Committee of the  
CPSU, L.I. Brezhnev's tour in the United  
States and countries of Western Europe with  
great interest. The peace-loving progressive  
people throughout the world welcomed the  
results of the talks and the signed agree-  
ments. The end of the war in Vietnam, the  
agreements between the USSR and the  
Federal Republic of Germany, the German  
Democratic Republic and the FRG, the Euro-  
pean security conference — all mark a turning  
point in the development of relations between  
the socialist countries and the capitalist  
camp.

The World Congress of Peace Forces in  
Moscow evoked a flood of congratulatory  
and welcoming letters from all corners of  
the world. Their only purpose was to wish the  
Congress great success in its work. The youth  
organisation of the Moroccan Otkooose  
enterprise, of which I am a member, added  
its voice to this movement, and in its  
greetings took on the responsibility of mark-  
ing one youth's start in honour of the Congress.  
One can only regret that the desire for  
peace is not respected by such countries as  
Israel and China.

Jindřich Han, Holešov, Czechoslovakia

## A VICTORY NOTWITHSTANDING

I would like to tell you how much I  
disagree with the final decision laid down by  
the International Soccer Federation. How  
could anyone in sympathy with Christ, an  
oppressed country, play in the capital of that  
country? The federation by taking such a

Continued on p. 118

# THE MAGIC OF METAL

by Edward ILYIN

from the magazine MOLODOY KOMMUNIST

Photographs by Igor VIHOGRADOV

The speaker, Anatoli Makarov, is a shortish lean man, light and quick of movement, expressive in conversation and with an ironic cast of mind. "You want to know how we make steel? Each of us does it in his own way. Ask a violinist if he can explain to you in words how he obtains a pure sound. Of course, we have our technical regulations but then, the violinist also has his score. Using the same score, one violinist makes people shed tears while another makes them feel like plugging their ears. With us it's pretty much the same."



## MAN CHOOSES HIS FATE

"You want to know how I became a metallurgist? It was kind of accidental. I grew up in a village. It was near here, in the Zaporozhye Region. My parents are collective farmers. Well, after seven years at school I was determined to go to a city, to Zaporozhye. Lord knows why. Boyish curiosity, I suppose. Father didn't want to let me go. Incidentally, he still tries to persuade me to come home. Besides, I was only 15. I had entered school when I was under six. And I was small for my age. However, I had my way.

"I came to the city alone and made up my own mind what technical school I wanted to go to. In the metallurgical school they wouldn't even talk to me. 'First grow up a bit,' I was told. Then I tried the industrial school, where I faced another refusal. What could I do? I was dead set against going back home. It would have been a personal defeat. I knew for sure I couldn't get a job because of my age."

"Then I boldly — in despair — marched straight to the director of the metallurgical school, showed him my seven certificates of good work and conduct for all my years at school. The director was sympathetic; waving his hand, he said I could enter the school.

"When I finished this technical school I was offered a job at the

Zaporozhstal Plant as a mechanic and electrician of oxygen installations. Then suddenly, you see, I fell in love with open-hearth furnaces.

"I did four years' work with oxygen, gained a high qualification, made good wages, became a team-leader and still I felt I just couldn't live without the open-hearth furnace.

"Our mixer department was then conducting experiments. Young engineers from Moscow had arrived. Well, I made friends with them. They were clever lads. Come and enter our institute, they said. I took their advice and decided to enroll in the Steel Industry Engineers' Institute in Moscow.

"With the 'help of God', I passed my entrance exams and was admitted. There followed five years of a fabulous life. I went to all the Moscow theatres and museums. Money from my father? He didn't have it to send. He has been an invalid, Second Group, since the war and received pension only. I lived on my allowance and the student council always found places where a student could earn some extra money.

"My academic progress? Well, in general, it was all right, above average. Though not much above.

"For my practical work I was directed back home, to Zaporozhstal.

"After the third year there was a moment when I was about to switch to the Automation Department (I was tempted by a post-graduate course) but at the plant I was told, of course, it's up to you to decide, but we need people in our open-hearth section.



In the plant Party committee



At the plant book kiosk

\* According to Soviet labour legislation people under 16 should not be employed. People under 18 should not be placed on health-hazardous and arduous jobs.



Makarov's two daughters look like their daddy but prefer papa to tell them a bedtime story.

After that, everything was clear. I obtained my diploma and came back to the plant. I was offered a job at Furnace No. 1. For several months I was third assistant on the furnace; people wanted to size me up, see how I would behave with an engineer's diploma in my pocket. Then for another two weeks I acted as second assistant and for two more as first, until I finally became head smelterman.

### HIS PROFESSION

Smelting steel is a daily battle whose outcome hangs in the balance until the very last minute. The open-hearth furnace is always a conundrum, however many instruments you have on the control panel, however perfect the automatic devices.

Steel-making is a process that lasts several hours. However, no two minutes of it are identical. At times success depends on instantaneous decisions. If one makes a mistake, missing the moment, the steel will be spoiled.

I noticed the tone in which Makarov said "missing the moment." In a struggle like this, one just has to be a tiny bit superstitious. Only an automat has no doubts about success—but only because it does not care about failure either.

### HIS COLLEAGUES

The furnace operates in four shifts. Each shift consists of the melter (team leader) and five or six assistants.

Three smelter workers of Furnace

No. 1 have secondary technical education, and Makarov has a higher education.

It is very hard to find time to study while working at the open-hearth furnace on a four shift basis. And still, many do study. Three assistants go to colleges and three more to technical schools. They will become full-fledged steelmakers.

How does it happen that a certificated engineer or technician starts on his career as a melter's assistant? Is melter's job that of a worker or an engineer?

The author put this question to Makarov and to others he met at the plant, and here is a summarised answer.

Metallurgy is a field in which knowledge and skills fuse together and in which the engineer-worker distinctions are at times very relative and even barely perceptible.

It takes a specific talent and character—the ability to take risks and make quick decisions.

It also takes intuition and inspiration. After holidays the melter would prefer to work for several days as assistant melter—in order to regain his good form.

Besides, each furnace has its own "temper"—its own heat balance. And the skills developed by the steelmaker through handling one furnace may prove disadvantageous when he handles another.

"You can't make steel by following one pattern," observed Misha Ryab-

chuk, the shop's Komsomol organizer and an engineer who until recently worked as foreman of the furnace section. "It is like removing an appendix. It seems as if the operation is very well known and thoroughly studied and still Lord knows what may happen."

Of course, the author has oversimplified many things and concentrated on the melter. There is also the furnace section foreman, supervising three furnaces, whose authority over the whole operation is very great, and there are assistants (some of them graduates or students of technical schools or even colleges). "Eighty per

cent of success," Makarov admitted, "depends on the assistants. If they make a mistake I can't save the situation."

And still, in this field of creation (surely work at the open-hearth furnace is a form of creation) the principal figure is the melter, with his boldness, his nerve, his inspiration, his talent.

"You ask me if I am going to become a foreman?" Makarov says. "Naturally. But not for a while. My self-respect won't allow it. I would hate people to say: 'He's a young foreman, so what can you expect of him?' Another year or so building up experience, then we'll see."

To the health of all our team members and to steelmakers everywhere!



# LENIN PRIZE WINNERS

from VEZDOMEZHI VEKHOVNDKO SOVIETA 8988

Allende, Brezhnev, Picasso, Joliot-Curie, Abraham Fischer, Ton Duc Thang.

As of January 1, 1974, 125 representatives of 54 countries have, over the years, won the International Lenin Prize for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations.

The president of a Latin American republic who died a hero's death while performing his duties, the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, a great artist, a famous atomic physicist, a white lawyer who was thrown into a South African prison for preaching the Christian idea of the brotherhood of man, and President of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

What feature unites these vastly different individuals, citizens of a host

of countries, men of different political creeds and moral convictions?

It is the firm confidence that mankind can and must follow the road of peace rather than the paths of war.

And they have one other shared belief: they are convinced that good will alone — even if it is declared publicly — does not guarantee peace. Vigorous action is needed — best of all at the state and international level — spearheaded directly against the insanity of world war.

All over the globe, people are prepared to advocate such views and consistently work in order to translate them into life.

In 1950, a special international prize, "For the Promotion of Peace Among Nations", was instituted in order to single out the most resolute



of such people, those whose peace activities yielded the most tangible results.

The initiative in this was taken by the Soviet Union — a country where all propaganda of war and militarism is a criminal offence and where all aspects of internal and foreign policies are planned on the basis of a peaceful development of events.

The International Lenin Peace Prize Committee meets in Moscow once a year. In March and April representatives of the national peace and disarmament movements, gathering in the Kremlin, discuss the candidates whose names have been put forward for the Peace Prize.

National and international democratic organisations have the right to nominate candidates (trade union, cooperative, women's, youth, etc., associations of scientists, scholars, cultural figures) and also each member of the International Lenin Peace Prize Committee individually.

In 1973, four men whose candidacies were submitted the previous year were the winners of this prize: **Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev**, General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, **Salvador Allende**, President of the Republic of Chile, **Enrique Pastorino** of Uruguay, President of the World Federation of Trade Unions, and **James Aldridge**, a British writer and public figure.\*

The decision was signed by Academician Skobeltsyn (USSR), G. Alexandrov, film director (USSR), N. Blokhin, member, USSR Academy of Medical Sciences, Louis Aragon, writer (France),

Mirjam Vire-Tuominen, public figure of Finland, Renato Guttuso, artist (Italy), Anna Seghers, novelist (GDR), Keshav Deva Malaviya, cabinet minister (India), Juan Marinello, representative of Cuba in the UNESCO, Pablo Neruda, poet (Chile), Nikolai Tomsky, sculptor (USSR), Georgi Traikov, First Deputy Chairman of the State Council of Bulgaria and Chairman of its Agricultural Union Party, and Dr Kaoruf Yasui, professor of international law (Japan).

What kind of people do the judges think worthy of the peace prize?

Here are some excerpts from the characteristics given to the 1970-71 winners by Dr. Skobeltsyn, chairman of the international committee:

"... The scientific world is familiar with works by **Professor Burbop** in the fields of high-energy and elementary particle physics. I am firmly convinced that nuclear physicists should be particularly keenly aware of the grave danger for mankind spelled by the nuclear arms race. The most progressive and responsible of them are putting themselves in the forefront of fighters for world peace. For many years one of the most principled, energetic and consistent advocates of banning nuclear tests and supporters of nuclear disarmament has been **Professor Eric Henry Stoneley Burbop**, a noted British scientist, President of the World Federation of Scientific Workers and a member of the presidium of the World Peace Council."

"... At the close of the 1940s, when the world peace movement was emerging, the name of one of its founders, **Tsola Dragoicheva**, was

heard in many languages. The life of this prominent political and public figure of Bulgaria has been difficult but vivid. Born in a peasant family, a teacher by profession, in 1919 she tied up her future with the Bulgarian Communist Party. This brave underground worker was repeatedly arrested and twice sentenced to death. After the victory of the patriotic forces in September 1944 and the establishment of people's power in Bulgaria this woman held important Party and state positions..."

"... By his firm socio-political stand, **Kamal Joubblatt**, a member of the Lebanese parliament, has earned well-merited recognition among the progressive public of the Middle East. A convinced opponent of colonialism, he has made a notable contribution to the formation of the Afro-Asian people's movement for unity in their struggle against neo-colonialism. On many occasions Joubblatt has been a member of his country's ministerial cabinet. The Lebanon's progressive-socialist party, of which he is leader, together with the communists, advocates the interests of the working people..."

In the 23 years that have passed since the institution of the International Lenin Prize for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations the award has been conferred on many worthy fighters whose names are now widely known.

Among them were **Hewlett Johnson**, Dean of Canterbury in Britain (a Lenin Prize winner in 1930); his fellow-citizen **John Bernal**, professor at London University (1933); the Brazilian writer **George Amado** (1951);

the German poet and playwright, **Bertold Brecht** (1954); the Indian poet and the present Secretary of the World Peace Council, **Kamesh Chandra** (1967); **Aziz Sberif**, a public figure of Iraq (1963); the great Mexican artist **David Alfaro Siqueiros** (1966); **Fidel Castro Ruz**, Prime minister of Cuba (1969); the Norwegian pastor **Ragnar Forbeck**, chaplain of a cathedral in Oslo (1955); the glorious Black singer and brave citizen of the United States, **Paul Robeson** (1952); another prominent American public figure, the world-famous scientist **Linus C. Pauling** (1968-69).

A total of 125 names made up the list by the beginning of 1974.

Everyone recognises that people like **Ludvik Svoboda** of Czechoslovakia or **Abraham Fischer** of South Africa are consistent in their efforts for world peace and ready to champion their principles in the most challenging circumstances. This makes them well-merited winners of the International Peace Prize.

Naturally, it is not the 25,000 rubles (which they usually turn over to some progressive cause) that they treasure.

What is important is the public recognition of their efforts and the consequent extra moral support for ordinary citizens the world over who associate their hopes for a peaceful future with uniting all people of good will internationally.

The decisions on the International Lenin Prize for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations are usually published on May 1, day of international solidarity of the working people. The symbolism of the date needs no explanation.

\* See SPUTNIK No. 8, 1973.

# THE SECRET OF THE "SECOND VOICE"

by Teodor AUERBACH  
from the weekly NEDEL'YA

I heard about this puzzling phenomenon from an opera singer "You see one soloist," he said, "but you hear two voices simultaneously."

"But how?"

"I wish I knew."

"Did you actually hear it yourself?"

"I certainly did! And I wasn't alone but sitting in a capacity-filled hall!"

My curiosity was aroused and I turned to a music scholar for an explanation. Konstantin Sakva told me some interesting facts.

"The second voice . . . It is what we call 'throat singing.' It really exists. I saw and heard such a singer at the 7th International Musical Congress, which was held in Moscow in the autumn of 1971. He was a shepherd from Tuva, who wore his national costume. He sang in two voices at one and the same time. His lower voice was very low and even-keyed, resembling the bagpipe's bourdon. One of the pipes produces a steady bass note while another plays a highly mobile high-pitched melody. In throat singing the lower voice is loud while the upper is heard clearly but very softly. The second voice has considerable range. The combina-

tion of these two voices produces a unique impression."

"Where do such singers come from?"

"In the Soviet Union — from Buryatia, Tuva, Bashkiria. The Bashkirs have a musical instrument called a *kurai* — a variety of the reed-pipe or the flute. Its sounds resemble throat singing. The lower voice has a humming quality while the upper is richly melodious.

"But that is an instrument . . . How can the human voice create such sounds?"

"Some folk singers, I think, can at will single out and intensify individual overtones which form part of the lower sounds."

The scholar later located and sent me the programme of the October 7, 1971 concert, which said in black and white: "What is known as 'throat singing' is an exceptional phenomenon. It is met with in some areas of Tuva, Khakassia and Bashkiria. The singer produces two sounds at a time. He maintains the fundamental tone in the lower register while developing an involved melody in the higher. In the concert, this manner of singing is represented by samples of Tuvian folkore. A variety of bivocal solo singing is represented by the Yakutian 'dyieretii yrya' style — the humming contains high-pitched sounds."

Samples of Tuvian throat singing were demonstrated by the shepherd Oorzhak Khunashtaar ool.

For technical details Sakva advised me to apply to the folklorist Lev Libedinsky, who wrote the book *Bashkirian Folk Songs and Melodies*. Here is what he said:

"What is known as *uzlau* or *tamakkurai* (throat-*kurai*) is the art of producing two sounds simultaneously in the bourdon-like bivocal form. *Uzlau* performers are extremely few and far between."

"Have you heard this singing yourself?"

"Yes, in Bashkiria in 1939. The performer was a 74-year-old *kuraist* named Yulmukhametov. He produced a low sound of

unusual timbre while at the same time making his chest resonators sound, too. At last, a quiet tender trilling in a very high register filled the air. It seemed to defy the powers of the human voice. Yulmukhametov had begun to learn to sing as he did when he was 14. He said he had mastered it himself."

"Did you ask him how he did it?"

"The main thing, he said, was to obtain a dark sound from your chest."

A dark sound . . . rather dark and mysterious process even for a successful bivocal singer!

"I wondered what medicine had to say about it. I went to the surgeon Grigori Orlov, head of a laryngology department.

"What you say is extremely interesting," he told me. "Alas, there is no mention of this in medical books."

Then I met the composer Tikhon Khrennikov. "You presided over the 1971 congress, where a Tuvinian shepherd and a Bashkirian singer demonstrated bivocal singing. How did it strike you?"

"Like all my colleagues who heard it, I was overwhelmed," said the composer. "It is an amazing phenomenon."

"Do professional vocalists ever do anything like it?"

"No. Not even in the areas where bivocal singers live. It is practised only by a few individuals — so rare is this variety of singing. It requires a colossal amount of voice training. Or rather, of the training of the singer's two voices."

#### A VILLAGE OF POLYGLOTS

Every inhabitant of the Moldavian village of Gavanosa, in the south west of the Soviet Union, speaks a minimum of five tongues — a remarkable number even in multinational southern Moldavia. The people of Gavanosa are Moldavians, Russians, Gagaus, Bulgarians, Ukrainians, Greeks . . . One humorist has advised them to learn Esperanto. But the villagers get along very nicely together and have no trouble communicating. They adopt each other's language, national traditions and culture.

*From the magazine SOVIET UNION*

# MUTUALLY ADVANTAGEOUS COOPERATION

by Nikolai PATOLICHEV, Minister of Foreign  
Trade of the USSR

from PRAVDA

In accordance with the principles of peaceful coexistence, the Soviet Union continues to develop mutually advantageous trade relations with states willing to do so, and establishes long-standing economic ties on the basis of industrial and scientific and technical cooperation.

The socialist states, accounting for about two-thirds of the entire USSR foreign trade volume, play the major role in the Soviet Union's commercial relations with other countries. Trade with the developing countries of Asia

Africa and Latin America is growing from year to year. A vivid example is furnished by an agreement on further developing economic and trade cooperation between the USSR and India signed in November 1973 as a result of Leonid Brezhnev's visit to that country.

The attraction of trading with the Soviet Union, which has a powerful and constantly expanding economic potential and the important place the socialist countries hold in world production, force capitalist states to

reckon with the real state of affairs and to gradually lift imposed trade restrictions. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the process of "liberalising" trade is far from complete and in a number of cases old forms of discrimination are replaced by new ones.

The advanced capitalist countries of Western Europe are important trade partners of the Soviet Union. More than 16 per cent of the USSR foreign trade and about 70 per cent of trade turnover with all industrially developed capitalist countries fall on these states. Trade with them is characterised by high growth rates exceeding those of the USSR's entire foreign trade. This testifies to the increasing role of the Soviet Union in the international division of labour.

In recent years the USSR's foreign economic relations with West European countries have entered a new phase. Typical of this is the transfer to comprehensive and prolonged mutually advantageous cooperation on the basis of long-term agreements on economic, technical and industrial cooperation, as well as in the sphere of economic ties between individual Soviet organisations and foreign firms. Thus, such agreements for a term of 10 years have been concluded with Finland, France, Austria and the Federal Republic of Germany. Talks are underway on signing such

agreements with Italy, Britain and Belgium.

We are aware that the development of trade and other forms of cooperation with the Soviet Union is welcomed in government and business circles of West European countries. Yet, there are opponents of international detente and the development of economic relations with the Soviet Union.

From time to time voices are heard in the West asserting that the Soviet Union gains a one-sided advantage from the development of these ties, that the Russians "are pumping out advanced Western technology", etc. Some try to make the development of these ties dependent on absurd political demands they advance.

The insolvency of such an approach is self-evident, for businessmen conclude export and import deals only when these deals interest them commercially, are advantageous or necessary for them.

Mutual benefit is a main principle of the business activity of all Soviet foreign trade corporations. In developing economic ties with Western Europe our country obtains an opportunity to more fully and rationally utilize its resources and potential and at the same time to acquire goods produced by other countries, which are not manufactured in our country

or which are more expensive to produce than to import.

Western countries produce insufficient amounts or simply lack many kinds of raw materials, semi-processed goods and fuel, which are traditionally exported by the Soviet Union. Among them are non-ferrous metals, plywood, coal, oil and oil products, gas, asbestos, cotton, various consumer goods.

In their turn, West European countries supply us with large quantities of such products as fine steel sheet, certain types of non-ferrous metals and chemicals, woollen yarn, artificial fibres, etc.

Trade in machines and equipment occupies a place of importance in the Soviet Union's commercial relations with West European countries. For a number of years the Soviet Union has been a big purchaser of West European machines and equipment for the chemical and wood-working industries, for automobile plants, for the building materials industry and for the food and light industries.

At the same time, the successes scored by the Soviet engineering industry made it possible to considerably enlarge exports of machines, equipment and various appliances to West European countries. The Soviet Union exports metal-cutting lathes, bearings, excavators, tractors, cars and lorries, airplanes, ships, etc.

Various appliances and household utensils are also exported: clocks and watches, photographic and cine equipment, radio and TV sets.

A swift development of science and technology in the Soviet Union enabled it to start, in the 60's, the export of licences to West European countries for the right to manufacture industrial goods and employ the latest technological processes developed in our country. Licences were sold for the production of a turbodrill, installations for continuous steel pouring, lightweight aggregate concrete, a system of evaporative cooling of metallurgical furnaces, etc.

Agreements with West European firms for joint development of natural resources in the USSR and creating industrial enterprises in our country on a compensatory basis is a comparatively new form of foreign economic relations.

Under such agreements the Soviet side is granted foreign credits to buy equipment, materials and necessary licences, these credits will be repaid later by deliveries of the goods produced by the newly created industrial projects.

Cooperation on this basis allows us to speed up the exploitation of natural resources and the creation of new production capacities. The interest of our partners in such cooperation is

explained by the fact that, on the one hand, they receive large Soviet orders for various machines and equipment they produce, and on the other, receive, on a long-term basis, Soviet goods and raw materials they need.

In recent years a number of agreements have been signed with state agencies and firms in Austria, Italy, the Federal Republic of Germany, France and Finland on deliveries to these countries of Soviet natural gas over the next 20 to 30 years. Simultaneously, agreement has been reached on Soviet purchases of large diameter pipes, fixtures, machines and equipment for the gas industry, on credit, repaying them with gas deliveries.

French firms will supply equipment for the Ust-Ilim wood-working and cellulose combine in Siberia in the period of 1975-76, which will be paid for by cellulose deliveries.

An agreement has been concluded with the leading Italian chemical concern, Montecatini-Edison, on cooperation, on a compensatory basis, in the building of seven large chemical combines in the USSR and on the deliveries to Italy of some products to be turned out by these enterprises. This agreement will cover 10 to 12 years, with a volume of mutual deliveries exceeding 500 million roubles.

Another agreement has been signed with Finnish firms on cooperation in the construction of an ore-dressing

combine in the Karelian Autonomous Republic on the basis of the Kostomuksha iron-ore deposit. The Soviet side also cooperates with Finnish firms in the building of wood-working and cellulose plants in the USSR.

Talks are underway with big firms in the Federal Republic of Germany about the construction in the USSR of a metallurgical plant using the method of direct reduction of iron, on the basis of the Kursk iron-ore deposit. This is going to be the biggest deal yet with the Federal Republic of Germany, also in accordance with the compensatory principle. Deals of this kind have also been concluded with Japan and the United States.

Long-term commercial and economic ties build up trust, create a sound economic basis for stabilising and developing political relations between European countries and exert a favourable influence on the international political climate. It is not accidental therefore that the questions of East-West economic cooperation took pride of place on the agenda of the European conference on security and cooperation.

The Soviet people are profoundly convinced that further normalisation of the situation and consolidation of mutually advantageous cooperation in all fields between European countries will become more effective and all-embracing.

In an ad which appeared in many foreign newspapers, the Bank of America publicised "our man in Moscow", Alex S. Yankovich, a vice-president of the bank, one of whose tasks is to help businessmen make contact with their counterparts in the Soviet Union. **SPUTNIK** publishes an interview\* which Mr. Yankovich gave to a correspondent of the weekly **Nedelya**.

## The Bank of America: Moscow Barometer

by Alexei YEVSEYEV

from the weekly **NEDELYA**

"The opening of our Moscow office was held without any fanfare," the vice-president of the Bank of America said in answering a question of a correspondent of the weekly **Nedelya**. "No banquets, no speeches, no toasts. We simply sat down at our desks and began to work."

"Our first visitor was an old client and a personal friend of mine, Bill Helvey, an adviser of Gets Brothers. He was here to organise a display of the products of his firm — medical

\* The statements of Mr. Yankovich are extrapolated from the Russian.



equipment — which interested several Soviet foreign trade organisations. So he came to us for advice on concluding contracts.

"Well, before long we found ourselves working at top tempo. Businessmen were coming to the office every day to consult us on this or that problem. Many were regular clients, often financed by our bank. For example, Philip Morris (yes, cigarettes). And Cook Industries — a large company dealing in corn, wheat and cotton. Several American businessmen held discussions in our office with their counterparts from the Soviet Exportkhib Corporation. We played host to businessmen from the Monsanto firm (chemical and oil refining equipment) and the Dupont company, which has extensive plans for business cooperation with the Soviet Union.

"Among our frequent callers are representatives of the giant Caterpillar firm which recently concluded an agreement to deliver \$68 million worth of powerful tractors and building machinery to your country. We are financing the contract. Incidentally, the first consignment of these machines has already arrived in Murmansk.

"I have just received gentlemen from Envirotech. This firm concentrates on problems posed by environmental pollution (I am happy to see that you have not reached our 'level' in this field and are worrying in advance)... In general, we are never idle.

**CORRESPONDENT:** "In discussing your week you have already partially answered my next question. Still, what tasks lie ahead of the Moscow representation of the Bank of America?"

**Mr. YANKOVICH:** "In general, we are here to assist the bank's clients

in making business contacts with the Soviet Union. More concretely, we organise meetings of our clients (they come to Moscow from Japan, France, Federal Germany and other countries as well as the United States), with the required people, put them in touch with Soviet banks and foreign trade organisations. But these are so to speak, the day-to-day tasks. What I would call the strategic policy of our office is to improve business relations between our two countries and stimulate a steady growth. Since I regularly inform the board of the Bank of America about the Soviet businessmen's feelings and requirements you could probably think of our representation here as a kind of barometer."

**CORRESPONDENT:** "How do you think the barometer of business contacts between our countries stands now?"

**Mr. YANKOVICH:** "Of course, higher than it was the period of the cold war is receding into the past. To date more than ten American firms have already opened branches in Moscow. Incidentally, most of these firms are our regular clients... Businessmen from the United States are coming to Moscow in an unceasing flow. Business America is aware of the benefits of contacts with the Soviet Union."

**CORRESPONDENT:** "What financial deal with our country does the Bank of America consider to be the most significant for itself?"

**Mr. YANKOVICH:** "Of course, the one under which we are financing the building of a giant integrated chemical plant near Kuybyshev which will turn out agricultural chemicals. It will require 600 million 180 million have been issued by our

bank and an equal sum by the Federal Export Import Bank. The rest of the bill is being footed by the Soviet side. In general it is an impressive American Soviet financial project. I attended the signing of its final documents in San Francisco. That session lasted seven hours. I appreciated the skill of Russian businessmen."

Then not without pride, Mr. Yankovich showed me his three comparatively small rooms on the 20th floor of a Moscow hotel. The desks were piled high with papers and a typewriter was clattering away. Stand-

ing on the floor resting against the wall was a newly purchased print showing Leningrad's Dvortsovaya Square.

I would like to hang next to it another print, one depicting the October revolution. Let my visitors see it and think of what it means... For many of our businessmen your country still remains Russia although it has for a long time been the Soviet Union. Their eyes must be opened to your present, Mr. Yankovich concluded. "That is what we are doing."

Alex S. Yankovich (right) is talking with Werner Feilick, a customer from the FRG, in his Moscow office.

Photograph by Igor SELIVERTOV



# YOUTH ON THE MOVE



CONVENTIONAL SIGNS:

-  PROJECTS TO BE COMPLETED IN 1971
-  PROJECTS TO BE COMPLETED IN 1972

-  TREES AND WOOD
-  FERROUS METAL INDUSTRY
-  CO. AND GAS INDUSTRY
-  NON-FERROUS METAL INDUSTRY

- POWER INDUSTRY**
-  HYDRO POWER STATIONS
-  THERMAL POWER STATIONS
-  ATOMIC POWER STATIONS
- TRANSPORT & CONSTRUCTION**
-  RAILWAYS
-  ROADS
-  AIRPORTS
-  CANALS

-  MINERAL FERTILIZER INDUSTRY
-  CHEMICAL AND DRUGS INDUSTRY
-  CELLULOSE AND PAPER INDUSTRY
-  COAL INDUSTRY
-  BUILDING MATERIAL INDUSTRY
-  LIGHT INDUSTRY
-  YARN CENTRES
-  MICROBIOLOGICAL INDUSTRY
-  TEXTILE INDUSTRY
-  RESEARCH CENTRES
-  WATER SUPPLY PROJECTS
-  AGRICULTURAL PROJECTS

from the youth press



If a man of 47 is offered a choice between wintering in the Antarctic and filling a post in a Moscow office he will, in all probability, do some serious thinking before reaching a decision.

A 17-year-old however, chooses the Antarctic straightaway — in seven cases of 10, including girls.

This is not an assumption, it is a fact. In the 1930s the majority of Soviet youngsters were "mad" about the Arctic and flights to the North Pole when our country was mastering the Arctic seas and the vast adjacent territories.

In the 1930s young people headed for the virgin lands. It was not a soft job, nor one for complainers or whiners to turn these immense waste steppelands of Northern Kazakhstan into cultivated fields. But it was a vital job for a country which from olden times has experienced winter-killing of crops, droughts and dust storms in summer.

It was natural that the mastering of the virgin lands was pioneered by members of the Komsomol (Young Communist League). Earlier this year the pioneers observed the 20th anniversary since the "first peg" was driven into the soil.

It was in Kazakhstan that the idea of youth building teams and top priority projects was conceived. Initially, they tackled the construction of needed public and service buildings on the new state farms which were suffering from a shortage of labour.

During the summer holidays stud-

ents came from all over the country to help.

It became obvious that boys and girls of 17-19 were capable of transforming large investments — in one season — into socially useful structures. And they did it with songs, jokes, their own rules and self-government.

Logically, why not go further? Instead of merely summer jobs, the young people were offered a more substantial outlet for their energies — the construction of an entire economic project, from beginning to end.

Let us imagine that in the depths of Siberia there is an excellent site for the construction of a metallurgical plant. There is a rich deposit of iron ore, and power can soon be provided from a big station that was itself a top priority project in the previous five-year plan. All that is lacking is manpower to give impetus to the development of an enormous region. The normal employment office channels are not good enough. Skilled workers have in the main settled down in their jobs and have no desire to pull up stakes.

At the same time, in the settled areas of the country there is a huge pool of 17 to 20-year-olds with plenty of energy and ambition who are longing to go somewhere and do something — something important and significant that might even be written up in the newspapers.

Komsomol newspapers and magazines regularly carry features on top priority construction sites. There are the atomic power stations in Armenia, and beyond the Arctic Circle in Turkmenia the spectacular irrigation

projects will make the desert bloom. Siberia is now and will be in the future the home of numberless projects that are gradually taming the proud wilderness.

In Moldavia the climate and work are of a different order: collective farms have been jointly planting orchards on an enormous scale. The Odessa-Kishinev train clips along in stretches for an hour or more beside row upon row of apple trees disappearing into the horizon.

On the banks of the Kama and Volga rivers motor-car and loery plants are going into production — the promise of future abundance. As the factories rise, so do bustling, lively cities where the average age of the inhabitants is under 30.

Young men who have finished their two-year army stint often opt for the wilderness: they lay pipelines across swamps in Western Siberia, build railways in the primeval taiga or construct docks and piers on the stormy coasts of oceans and seas.

Or take Byelorussia. In recent years this republic has been more and more frequently asking young men and women to come and help build villages of a new type, well-planned and organised better than some cities and towns. Newspapers have given extensive coverage to Vertelishki, an experimental model of such a rural town. Photographs have shown the collective farm management building, with a clock tower. The sidewalks, made of concrete slabs, lead almost to the fields and the little houses look immensely attractive.

Of course, the Byelorussians hope

that some of the young comers, upon completing construction, will decide to remain to live and work in their land.

Generally speaking, this is expected whenever the Komsomol takes responsibility for a building project that is vital to the country or one of its constituent sovereign republics.

While the young volunteer builders are working on their construction project they are given courses in trades which will be needed on completion of the work.

Do many people thus settle down? That depends, but normally the proportion does not exceed 80 per cent. Some, when the contract ends, move on in order to continue their education. Lads of 18 are called up for military service.

Nevertheless, the practice of top-priority Komsomol projects, with their atmosphere of youthful ardour, pure and sincere dedication to the job, justifies itself.

Every year many industrial agencies request the Komsomol Central Committee to designate this or that project a top priority one. The scheme which in essence is of a voluntary, public-spirited nature, yields sizeable economic benefits.

In 1974, 135 projects have been singled out as "all-union Komsomol projects" (see map). It is expected that by the middle of this year, when the secondary and vocational training schools have completed their final examinations, close to 80,000 young people will have left to carve out their future with a special "Komsomol assignment" in their pocket.



### RHINO FROM 20,000 YEARS BACK

Yakutia's Geological Museum has acquired a woolly rhinoceros a fully preserved skeleton of this interesting prehistoric animal has been discovered in the village of Churapcha.

This particular fossil is a fairly big specimen, 3.5 metres long, with some hide and muscular tissues on its right hind leg in a good state of preservation. It has an up-turned sauro-like horn.

This valuable scientific find has lain in permanently frozen ground for about 20,000 years.

From the newspaper  
VACHERRAYA MUSEYA.

### SOARING CROSS-COUNTRY VEHICLE

A hovercraft cross-country vehicle defies deep, loose snow, marshy terrain and can even cross rivers. Racing at a speed of more than 50



kilometres an hour, this new machine can go through, for instance, swamps with steep tussocks.

This vehicle has been designed by engineers in Tyumen, a city in Western Siberia. They have also devised a hovercraft loading platform with a self-contained engine, which can carry a load of six tons.

Such transport facilities will make it possible to lay oil and gas pipelines in intensely waterlogged parts of Siberia the year round, instead of only in winter, when hard frosts ice over the swamps.

From the newspaper  
SOPHAI DZHEKSKAYA  
INDUSTRIYA.

### ON DIPLOMATS AND DIPLOMACY

The publication of a three-volume Diplomatic Dictionary (in Russian) has been completed. The Editor-in-Chief is Andrei Gromyko, USSR Minister of Foreign Affairs. Among the editors and contributors were also V. Khvostov and I. Zemskov, both eminent Soviet scholars of interna-

tional relations.

This dictionary highlights events of the long history of Russian diplomacy, chronologically ranging from the early diplomatic moves of the state of Muscovy to the major peace actions of the Soviet Union in recent years. Russian diplomacy, beginning centuries ago, is represented by its most vivid personalities.

The edition also includes material on noted foreign diplomats of our time and historical personalities.

From the weekly  
KNIGHTHOPE GROSZENTYA.

### BEAUTY WED TO EXPEDIENCY

Two schools designed by Natalia Milova and built in Sochi (a resort on the Black Sea) have since become architectural landmarks of the city.

School No. 1, which is pictured, is an architectural ensemble. Its main building, four storeys high, is flanked by adjoining three two-storeyed ones, housing a gym, an auditorium with a wide-screen film-pro-

jector and a swimming pool. The classrooms are equipped with the latest word in modern engineering and are panelled



with plastics and wood. The buildings' light colour, vertical sunshields and canopy-shaped roofs, as well as the cosy inner courtyard with its flower beds and decorative pool are a tribute to the generous southern sun.

From the magazine  
RABOTNITSYA.

### SYNTHETIC MALACHITE

Experts predict a great future for yuvakril, a new polymer with many valuable properties. This decorative material resembles various types of jasper and malachite. This will make it possible to use yuvakril in the manufacture of adornments, souvenirs — as well as in the interior decorations. Some of its

varieties will find an application in the manufacture of decorative transparencies and some will be utilized for shock-proof machine parts. A change of component ratio lends yuvakril different properties. It can be made strong, hard, elastic, resistant to shock, heat, cold, all depending on what is required.

from the newspaper  
PRAVDA LASKINYA.

### MUSEUM OF MICROBES

There is an unusual type of "museum" in Kharkov, a city in the Ukraine. It houses a collection of over 800 varieties of microbes. There are useful ones, which are put to work in the food industry, and highly dangerous ones. The microbes require a great deal of care — they must be shifted to fresh surroundings from time to time and they must receive regular sustenance.

The "museum" maintains extensive international contacts. Requests come in frequently for this or that strain of microbe and in turn the Ukrainian scientists enrich their collection. The

microbes are studied in order to use them for the welfare of mankind.

From the magazine  
LECHENIYE KHARKOVA.

### NATURE'S HANDIWORK

These figures, some majestic, others whimsical, were created by rain, wind, heat and frost. Time and the forces of nature eroded the cliffs, forming an unusual gallery of "sculptures" high up in the mountains. It is located in the Sary-Chelik Preserve, in Kirghizia. This sanctuary occupies an area of 24,000 hectares at the foot of the Chatkal



Range.

Sary Chelik is a fascinating spot with a wealth of valuable plants and animals, including six roe deer and minks.

From the magazine  
YORRUC SVETLA.

May 5, Soviet Press Day \*\*\*\*\*

# Publishers, Books and Readers

from an interview given by Boris STUKALIN, chairman of the State Committee for Printing, Publishing and Book Trade of the USSR Council of Ministers, to a correspondent of the weekly NEDEL'YA

According to sociological surveys, 95 Soviet families out of 100 buy books and keep libraries.

Every sixth new Soviet book is intended for children. In our country, books for youngsters and youths are brought out by more than 100 publishing houses, the total annual circulation of children's books reaching 50,000,000 copies.

The Soviet Union has 236 publishing houses. Some are owned by the state, others by Party and trade union organisations and a large number by associations of writers.



**CORRESPONDENT:** The Soviet Union is the world's largest publisher. How many books have been published since the Great October Socialist Revolution? What is the annual book output?

**STUKALIN:** Our country has for a long time led the world in annual numbers of printed publications and their total impressions. How many books and booklets have been published? More than 2.5 million titles. Their print run is close to 40,000 million copies. In 1972, for instance, 81,000 titles with a total number of almost 1,500 million copies were brought out.

Literature is being published in 89 Soviet languages, including 43 languages of nationalities that did not have a written language

before the revolution, and in 56 foreign languages.

**CORRESPONDENT:** What is the structure of this mass of books?

**STUKALIN:** You see, the structure has been in a constant state of flux, it is influenced by developments in economics, science, culture, changing demand. In recent years the most pronounced trend has been toward a significant growth in output of books on socio-political topics and economic problems.

There has been an annual increase in the output of scientific literature, manuals of all kinds and books for children. In 1972 the number of research publications (monographs, collections of articles, other scientific material and classics of science) rose by 36.5 per cent and the impressions almost doubled over the level of 1965. The average circulation of each schoolbook went up by some 10,000 copies and that of a children's book by close to 51,000.

**CORRESPONDENT:** Is it true that the Soviet Union has the world's lowest book prices?

**STUKALIN:** It is. Judge for yourself: in 1972 the average price of a book was 45 kopecks. The lowest prices are for children's books (26 kopecks) and political publications for the general reader (35 kopecks).

**CORRESPONDENT:** What can

you say about the cooperation between Soviet publishing houses and their counterparts in other socialist countries?

**STUKALIN:** There is regular production of joint editions. Soviet and Czechoslovak researchers are preparing for publication a monograph entitled *The Present Scientific and Technological Revolution and Socialism*. Using interesting factual material, the authors disclose new features marking the social development of the present revolution in science and technology, its impact upon all aspects of the life of society and the activities and makeup of the individual. A team of authors of the Institute of the Theory, History and Future Problems of Soviet Architecture and the Polish Institute of Art History is working on a monograph *Town and Time*.

**CORRESPONDENT:** Please tell us something about the publication of fiction.

**STUKALIN:** In 1973 all Soviet publishing houses issued around 4,500 titles, roughly half of them new. Novels and stories by Vladimir Kozhevnikov, Sergei Sartakov, Yuri Rytheu and other authors centre around the working-class theme. The Soviet countryside is featured by Sergei Krutinin, Nikolai Virta, Sergei Voronin and Mikhail Stelmakh.

to mention but four authors Alexander Chakovsky, Yevgeny Vorobyov, Nikolai Gorbachov and several other writers have chosen as their subject the Great Patriotic War of 1941-45

**CORRESPONDENT** What about works by foreign authors?

**STUKALIN** The Soviet Union regularly publishes many series and individual editions of foreign classics. A particular place among them is held by a 200-volume Library of World Literature. In the course of this year another 20 volumes in this series will come off the press.

An interesting novelty is books of foreign poetry in two languages: 100 *Sonnets*, by the Czech poet J. Kollar, in Czech and Russian, is about to appear. We are preparing for publication a collection of poems by Soviet and Polish poets and a multi-lingual edition of *Poetry of 19th-20th Century Europe*. Each poem in its two volumes will be printed in Russian and the source language.

**CORRESPONDENT:** Will there be any changes in the wake of the Soviet Union joining the Universal (Geneva) Copyright Convention?


**STUKALIN** According to UNESCO data, our country holds first place in the world for output of translations. Works by many foreign authors have been published in much larger circulations in the Soviet Union than in


their own countries and are translated into all Soviet languages. With the Soviet Union joining the Copyright Convention, the rights of authors of signatory states will be protected in our country as well as those of Soviet authors abroad.

Every sixth book in the world is Soviet: 90 per cent of Soviet publications are sold within the year they are brought out.

Books from the Soviet Union are now sold in 93 countries. In recent years many non-Russian Soviet authors have become known abroad. Books by the Ukrainian novelist Oles Conchar, for instance, are read in 67 countries, by the Latvian writer Vilis Lačis in 63 countries, by the Lithuanian poet Eduardas Mieželaitis in 30, by the Turkmenian prose writer Berdy Kerbabayev in 22.

The Soviet Union has been publishing a unique series, *The Lives of Remarkable People*. According to the concept of its founder, Maxim Gorky, these books highlight great personalities and their endeavours. The opening volume in this series, *Heinrich Heine*, came out in 1933. Subsequent works in this collection included books about Pushkin, Molière, Joliot-Curie, Hemingway, Leo Tolstoy, Bernard Shaw, Pericles, Saint-Exupéry — more than 500 titles in all.





**SOCIALISM:  
THEORY AND  
PRACTICE (STP)**

is a monthly digest of the Soviet political and theoretical press featuring articles, surveys, reviews, drawings and photographs reprinted from more than one hundred newspapers and magazines. This digest is published in English, French, German and Spanish. It is intended for readers interested in the Marxist-Leninist theory, the experience of socialist and communist construction, problems facing socialist society and the development of the socialist community.

**SOCIALISM:  
THEORY  
AND PRACTICE**

is available in bookstores selling Soviet literature. Subscriptions accepted.



# SPRING, WORK, PEACE

by Anatoli YOLKIN

Spring is the dearest daughter of the year!"

All marvels of life come with spring: the royal blooming of the earth, the warm showers, the shining rainbow in the clear sky, the blue flight of skylarks.

Spring brings renewal to the heart, because man cannot live without faith in a radiant future, without the hope that it will come. Like people, hopes have their spring and their autumn.

Only the calendar depends on the degree of human warmth rather than the rotation of the earth.

Workers in all parts of the globe were the first to grasp this. May, the month of the working people's proletarian solidarity, like poppies in the steppe, is the scarlet colour of life and struggle.

Spring comes with winds. They have not always been warm. And hopes, unfortunately, become reality without struggle only in fairy tales....

The cool fragrance of the bird-cherry floats over Moscow, and the old elk, treading its customary path along the sun-warmed, thawed black earth, is surprised to find at the end of the trail towerlike cranes, chilly in the pre-dawn mist. In the course of the winter the city has once again spilled over its former boundaries.

In the editorial offices of newspapers the teletypes are clicking out reports. They are like the pulse of our spring.

"The Soviet Union is building more than 40 university and institute complexes. Housewarmings will be celebrated by the students of the Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University, the universities of Dnepropetrovsk, Leningrad, and Alma-Ata, the Moscow Institute of Aviation Engineers, the Nikolayev Institute of Shipbuilders... These magnificent student centres provide all the requisites for fruitful studies, scientific research, sports and recreation..."

Spring brings people fresh hopes.

"In the south-west of the capital, the main building of the All-Union Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology is going up — Europe's largest mother-and-child protection centre. In the west, amid the greenery of forests, a site has been allotted for a hospital for the treatment of cardiovascular diseases. Here this scourge of the century will be attacked by 2,000 specialists. Moscow architects have been designing a research township for the Siberian Section of the Lenin Agricultural Academy, new buildings for vocational training schools, a Youth Palace..."

Spring is transfiguring the streets and pecking into factory and plant shops. "The Serp i Molot (Hammer and Sickle) Plant has entered its 10th decade. But whoever has visited it will confirm that this enterprise is young. Its people are full of vigour and creative plans. The secret of this youthfulness lies in the continuity of efforts made by the different generations of workers, in constant renewal of production, in the ability to utilize the immense possibilities opened up for man by Soviet power..."

Spring is a feast of labour and peace.

The world is tired of fear.

May 1945 raised great hopes. In those days even carrion-vultures pledged that they were doves.

Thousands of cities and towns were devastated, and there was not a family in Europe which remained unscarred by the holocaust. The warmongers feared that they would find themselves unemployed.

But in a year or two the newspapers were already writing about "dashed hopes" and however "local" were the new wars, interventions and black coups, the mothers who lost their sons did not feel any the better for that.

Even people who were not very good at arithmetic began to grasp the theory of relativity: the world was at 'peace', but since May 1945 the planet has not known a single peaceful day. Every day, blood has been spilled in at least one corner of the globe, and the machine-guns made in 1948 or 1970 were just as lethal in Korea, Vietnam, East Pakistan or Ulster as those in 1943. The Middle East has blazed like oil, which can be a source of both happiness and grief to a country that has it underground.

But nothing burns so bitterly as illusions. Those who yesterday saw in Finocchete a "saviour of Western liberties" today find themselves outside the law and the world's eyes were reopened to the fact that fascism is not at all the nightmarish memories of 30 years ago. The burning of books in the streets of Santiago and the thousands of victims who were shot, strangled, hanged, only because they loved their people and their country, have enlightened those who were blind before. But isn't the price too heavy?

The basest human quality is indifference.

If it is left undefended, spring can give way to the coldest of winters.

People help trees to survive the spring frosts.

People must help themselves.

The reason why we propose reducing the burden of armaments and helping the developing and needy countries is not fear that our table will collapse from a surplus of viands. When a house is being built only a careless builder wastes bricks. But we would not be Soviet citizens if today, at the close of the 20th century, we could indifferently watch millions of people die of hunger.

We, who in the last war lost more than any nation, we know what grief is. So, when some politicians see in our business proposals "Kremlin intrigues" we answer: it is better to trade than to bury our sons.

Coexistence is the logic of common sense.

Fragments of the bombs that burst in 1944 are reaching 1974. In Japan there is no end to the lengthening list of Hiroshima victims. Today a small part of the world's nuclear stockpile is enough to destroy all mankind. Only a maniac can dream of a triumph on a charred planet. Our blue cradle is too small for such "experiments".

Indeed, the Kremlin does have plans, but they are not secret. It plans to give people confidence in the future, to enable mothers to serenely raise their sons, and the sons to live full happy lives, rather than lie with bullet-smashed heads under alien stars.

Only unconscious individuals can close their eyes to the aims of the USSR's national economic plans.

The past third, decisive year of the Ninth Five Year Plan period was marked by fresh advances of our people in communist construction, in the realisation of the Soviet Communist Party's Leninist general line in domestic and foreign policies. A powerful new upsurge of civic activity was aroused in the Soviet people by the decisions of the December 1973 Plenary session of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party and the 7th session of the USSR Supreme Soviet of the 8th convocation and the statements by Leonid Brezhnev.

In addressing the December Plenary session, L. Brezhnev pointed out that in the course of recent events the unity of the countries forming the socialist community yielded good results. The changes in Europe favouring European peace and security are becoming increasingly noticeable. The year 1973 brought marked progress in Soviet-American relations, above all, on the main issue — the lessening of the danger of war and consolidation of peace. The Soviet Union is actively developing its contacts with Asian states. A vivid example of this is Leonid Brezhnev's visit to India.

The multifaceted activity of our Party and the Soviet state designed to implement the Programme of peace, which was advanced by the Party's 24th Congress, enjoys the recognition and support of all peace-loving forces on our planet, of all progressive mankind. Graphic evidence of this was, in particular, the World Trade Union Congress in Varna and the World Congress of Peace Forces in Moscow.

Peace, Moscow, spring — these concepts have become indivisible.

An intercontinental rocket can lift a warhead with a hydrogen bomb and a peaceful spaceship, Mankind breathed easier on hearing that Soviet and American spacemen were exchanging the handclasp of friendship. The road to the stars is the future of all mankind and I am not the only one to remember what a Russian cosmonaut said when a correspondent asked: "What is the most important element in the preparation for joint flights?"

"It is the ability and possibility to always come to each other's aid. There can be no victory in outer space without this."

But is the victory of spring, friendship and common sense in the world possible without this?

"The ability and possibility to always come to each other's aid..." is the voice of our spring.

In folk tales spring has always been depicted in the form of a young maiden with a green branch in her hand.

Now, spreading from Brest to Vladivostok, the Land of Soviets is dotted with building projects and flocks of rooks fly over the mist rising from the tilled black earth.

Springtime is a busy season for those who grow the food for our 250-million people. On thousands of collective and state farms ploughing is in full swing. Our hard-working farmers have one wish — a peaceful sky and good crops for all the people on earth.

# BERLIN IN THE SPRING OF 1945

On May 9, 1945 at 6.45

Moscow time, a representative  
of the Hitler command  
signed in Berlin an act  
of complete and  
unconditional surrender  
of fascist Germany

from the Soviet command began

to normalise life in this

large, half-ruined,

famished city is described

in his memoirs

by Lieutenant-General

Nikolai ANTIPENKO

from the memoirs *THE MAIN DIRECTION*

## AWAKENING TO LIFE

As we neared Berlin, we seldom saw people ploughing the land or planting potatoes. The few we did see were isolated individuals tilling tiny plots of land. The greater part of the territory between the Oder and Berlin and even west of Berlin remained uncultivated. Apparently the Germans were not thinking of the future. Many of them believed they were doomed and feared they would have to pay for all the horrors the Reich had unleashed upon the peoples of the world, the Soviet Union above all.

A group headed by Walter Ulbricht arrived in Berlin. After familiarising itself with the situation, it asked the Soviet command for aid in rehabilitating the war-ravaged German national economy, in providing the population of German cities and villages with food, fuel and other necessities.

The Military Council considered the appeal with understanding and assigned me, as deputy front commander



Organising Berlin food supplies.

for logistics, to work out appropriate proposals. Eventually I reported that in the course of the Berlin operation the troops of our front had begun spring sowing. By May 5, 1945 the acreage under cultivation had reached 350,000 hectares. But this was very little. At least another five million hectares needed to be sown, which meant the population had to be drawn into the work.

I also called attention to the fact that many estates remained ownerless, some of them had been taken over by peasants who had appointed their own managers, but the rest lay abandoned. We had to put a stop to the grabbing of unworked land, mobilise whatever farm machinery had survived the war and organise repair work, halt the requisition of horses, and most important, help with seed, potatoes, tractors, fuel and transport.

The Military Council agreed with my proposals. The Germans were issued thousands of tons of potatoes, millet, peas and other crops, which

could still be planted and sown. We also helped them with tractors, machines and fuel. At last all the farmlands were put under cultivation. Working in the fields, the Germans awakened from their lethargy and showed that, as before, they were calculating masters and industrious workers.

## BERLINERS HURRY HOME

But while the organisation of sowing was a form of concern for the future, the organisation of immediate food supplies was a pressing problem of the present. The working people of Berlin had long been suffering from undernourishment. Toward the end of the war hundreds of thousands were starving. The bourgeoisie had fled but the workers remained, so the Soviet government showed concern for them even before the surrender of Germany. Once in Berlin, the Military Council of the front, pending relevant deci-

sions of the State Defence Committee, introduced interim rations for the Berliners.

On May 9, 1945, Anastas Mikoyan, a deputy chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers, and General Andrei Khruylov, chief of the Soviet Army rear, arrived in Berlin with a Soviet Government decision to organise aid to the population of the city.

According to the new ration schedule, people who did heavy physical work and those in jobs presenting a health hazard were given a top daily ration - 600 grammes of bread, 80 grammes of cereals and macaroni, 100 grammes of meat, 30 grammes of fats and 25 grammes of sugar. The ordinary worker's daily ration consisted of 500 grammes of bread, 60 grammes of cereals and macaroni, 65 grammes of meat, 15 grammes of fats and 20 grammes of sugar. The rest of the population received 300 grammes of bread, 30 grammes of cereals and macaroni, 20 grammes of meat, 7 grammes of fats and 15 grammes of sugar. Besides, each inhabitant was entitled to 400-500 grammes of potatoes a day and 400 grammes of salt a month. Finally, by ration cards, coffee and tea were issued. Scientists, scholars, engineers, doctors, people in the cultural and arts fields, municipal and district self-government executives, heavy industry and transport officials, were given the top ration rates. Technical workers, businessmen, teachers and churchmen received the standard workers' ration. Hospital patients were given special rations. Besides, Mikoyan ordered that a daily 200 grammes of milk be issued to each Berlin child up to the age of 13.

On the basis of these rates we calculated the food deliveries. But here a difficulty cropped up: Berlin's registered population was a little over

two million, so we had this number of food ration cards printed and made the corresponding supply order. Suddenly the situation changed. On hearing that the Soviet Military Command intended to feed the people of Berlin, long columns of men, women and children began to file to the capital from all parts of Germany. They came by bicycle, motor-cycle, broken-down motorcar, wagon, dog-drawn cart or simply walked. We had to raise the number of ration cards to four million.

#### NATURAL COFFEE

While we were busy with the organisation of food deliveries, Berlin was flooded with a host of provocative rumours. People even whispered that Germans would be gathered at the food distribution centres as part of an all-out round-up campaign. However, on the appointed day and hour (eight o'clock in the morning of May 15) all stalls opened and food began to be issued.

Not long before, Mikoyan was reading the text printed on the ration card. He looked up and asked me:

"What coffee are you going to give the Germans?"

"Ersatz," I replied.

"Why not natural?"

I said that the front did not have natural coffee in its depots and that I myself had not drunk it for quite a long time.

"You haven't got it in your depots but the Soviet state has it," said Mikoyan. "Take the trouble to add the word 'natural' to coffee on each card."

We had to have this word printed additionally on four million cards.

While we were making this amendment a trainload of real coffee beans left Moscow for Berlin. The

railwaymen gave this train top priority.

#### IN A LITTLE OVER A MONTH

Before me is a report dated June 21, 1945 on what had been done to normalise the situation in Berlin. It says: "The required number of food ration cards has been issued for June. The network of shops and stores is sufficient. The children are being given milk regularly. Food deliveries are on schedule.

"Extensive medical and epidemiological reconnaissance has been carried out and hotbeds of infection liquidated. More than 2,000 bodies of animals in the city have been collected and buried.

"Pumping stations have been inspected and polluted sources of water prohibited from use. Medical control has been established over refrigerators, sausage plants, canneries. Ninety-two adult hospitals, four children's hospitals, 10 maternity homes, 146 chemist's shops, nine outpatient hospitals, four dispensaries, 13 medical posts, three children's consultation centres and six first-aid stations have been opened. The overall number of hospital beds made available is 31,780; 654 doctors are working in medical treatment establishments and there are 801 private practitioners. The main health service administration and district health bodies have been set up in Berlin.

"The capacity of operating electric power stations has been brought to 98,000 kilowatts. Thirty-three thousand homes, 51 waterworks and sewerage stations, 49 bathhouses, seven laundries, 480 barber's and hairdresser's shops and 1,084 bakeries have been connected to the electrical network. More than 3,000 street lamps have been repaired and connected.

"15 pumping stations with a daily

capacity of 510 thousand cubic metres have been put into operation and the principal water mains restored. Eighty-five thousand buildings and all welfare enterprises have been connected to the water supply system.

"35 sewerage stations have been opened.

"39.2 kilometres of metro lines are working, with 52 stations and 16 trains with a total of 62 cars.

"8 tramslines with a total length of 65.4 kilometres and 122 cars are functioning.

"7 omnibus lines with a total length of 91 kilometres and 46 buses have begun to function.

"5 gasworks with a total daily capacity of 157,000 cubic metres have been made operational.

"6 bathhouses are operating and 5 are under repair; 10 laundries are open.

"18 freight trains have been made available for coal deliveries from Silesia. Briquette coal from Munchenberg is being carried by 25 trains, 850 tons each.

"The functioning theatres are: The Western Theatre, with a ballet troupe performing, the Renaissance Theatre (comedy), the philharmonic symphony orchestra, opera and drama theatres will resume performances in the next few days. 45 variety theatres and 127 motion-picture houses are running, with a daily attendance of between 80 to 100 thousand..."

"These lines make me think of the German Democratic Republic of our day, of the flowering it has achieved. As is known, the GDR is now among the world's 10 most developed countries, its industrial output equals that of all prewar Germany. The first socialist state in German history is firmly and confidently carving out its future.

## TYPING AT SPEECH SPEED

by Alexander RATOV  
from the magazine *IZOBRETABEL*  
I RATIONALIZATOR

*After a week's training a person can type 400 symbols a minute — twice the speed of a skilled typist — if he employs a new apparatus which has been designed by Georgi Zagorelsky, a young Leningrader. A more elaborate version of this GEZOTYPE (the name is formed from the initial letters of the inventor's first and surname) will make it possible to type more than 800 symbols a minute, in other words, to type at the speed of speech.*

At first Georgi had the idea of designing a speed typing device that would fit into the mouth — a thin plate with sensors on the palate. Touched by the tongue, the sensors would react by actuating the electric typewriter.

Very soon, however, this concept had to be discarded as impracticable. Then Zagorelsky developed another idea: in talking, man uses his lips, tongue and teeth — only three main sound-forming "variables". Typing involves the ten fingers of his hands. This seemed to offer greater possibilities. But the speed of speaking varies from 600 to 1,000 symbols a minute while a skilled typist can get up to 200. Hence, the typewriter keyboard is imperfect, slowing the fingerwork.

What if a panel were built that would permit man to simply move his fingers left and right when setting down symbols? Try tapping your fingers on the table. Then rub back and forth quickly and you will see that the second type of movement is much easier and faster.

The latest model of Zagorelsky's device is a control box that can be placed on the palm of a hand. By running fingers over the box's panel, you can feel slightly protruding knobs, which

look like mushroom caps. There is a wire stretching from the box to the typewriter.

"There are six knobs acting as sensors, four of which form a column in the panel's middle and two on its sides; by simply running your finger along them, you can instantly type any text," explained the inventor. "Of course, the position of the 'caps' must be learned before setting about typing."

By touching the sensor, the operator's finger turns it, and the sensor, in turn, closes with the edge of its "cap" either the right or the left pair of contacts. By running the finger alternately from the right and from the left along the central sensors, one can type eight letters. By running the fingers over the panel's surface and touching the sensors in different combinations, one can reproduce all the letters and signs of the Russian alphabet. The signals coming from the contacts, by passing through the gezotype's simple electronic circuit, switch on the corresponding electromagnets, which type the required letters.

Ussing two panels — one for each hand — can bring the speed

to 800 symbols a minute — practically the speed of speech.

"The use of the gezotype in typewriters is not an end in itself," commented Zagorelsky. "This device can be employed in wide-ranging information machines. Or take another possibility: conversion of the text into a visible form on an illuminated indicator board would make it possible to lecture to deaf-and-dumb people. The gezotype could put the telephone within reach of the deaf, the caller would set symbols on the board and the signals would be transmitted to the electric typewriter of the one being called, who would then be able to read the visible text."

Essentially, the panel of this new device is a keyboard. It is a tempting idea to use it to replace the complicated keyboards of telegraph apparatus, letter-sorters, the panels of computers and automated teaching devices, etc. Of course, it could have many other applications. An incentive to its development is the fact that even a laboratory sample costs only 20-30 roubles. The inventor maintains he has spent less than 10 roubles on it





# THE GREAT HEART OF THE

# KUBAN

by Vasil POPOV

Specialty for SPUTNIK

Photographs by Alexei ZHIGALOV



Lyube Bezuglova (in the middle) is back from a trip to Moscow and has plenty to talk about. ▶

It is so nice on a hot day to stroll around in the Krasnodar city park. The shady lanes and fresh wind from the Kuban River make it pleasant and cool. And a landmark one inevitably stops to admire, is a giant oak tree towering above all the other trees. Foresters assert that this oak is over 300 years old. Historians recount the following legend associated with it.

In 1773 a detachment of Zaporozhye Cossacks on their way to the Kuban to guard the southern frontiers of the Russian state, stayed overnight under this tree, which was later called "Zaporozhye Oak Tree." When the warriors woke up the next morning and looked around, they realised that no better place could be found for the construction of a fort. So the Orehovaty fort (named after the nearby lake of the same name) was built. The fort soon grew into a settlement and later a city which became the capital of the Kuban Cossacks. The city was called Ekaterinodar. In December 1920 it was renamed Krasnodar.

The "passenger" has decided to go ▶  
for a walk.



#### Rehearsal.

Academician Mikhail Khajinov discusses the results of a holthouse corn growing experiment with his pupils.

In a few minutes they will become man and wife.

"I received an award for fulfilling my work quota ahead of time."



Assembly shop in a Krasnodar plant.

Krasnodar grows more beautiful from year to year. When new avenues are laid and new buildings go up, the city planners do not forget to leave room for gardens, trees and flower beds.



In 1900 the population of the city numbered about 70,000. In 1960 it was 315,000 and today it is over half a million.

Krasnodar is an industrial city. The production of the Krasnodar plants — heavy vertical semi-automatic turning lathes, machine-tools with an electro-copying device, heavy compressors, industrial refrigerating plants, electro-measuring and radio-measuring in-

struments, textiles — are well known abroad as well as in the Soviet Union. Electro-measuring instruments, for instance, are exported to more than 40 countries.

The growth of industry in Krasnodar required a lot of electric power. The problem was solved when a heat and power plant operating on the local natural gas was constructed. Apart from the usual high-capacity power

#### May Day.



units the Krasnodar heat and power plant has gas-turbine installations of 100,000 kilowatts.

In the last few years a large hydro-technical development has been under construction on the outskirts of Krasnodar — a man-made "sea" is being created, an artificial reservoir with a capacity of three thousand million cubic metres of water. In dry weather it will provide the rice plantations,

fields and gardens with water. The rich soil of the Kuban will yield even better crops. The administrative centre of the large and fertile Krasnodar territory, the city is closely connected with agriculture. There are more than 20 scientific research institutes in the city and many of them are working on agricultural problems.

Not so long ago scientists of many

There are students from many parts of the world in the Krasnodar Medical Institute.





It's always crowded here, but even more so on holidays.

◀ The city park is a favourite recreation spot.

countries believed that the maximum oil content of sunflower seeds runs to 21-24 per cent. However, Academician Vasilii Pustovoi of Krasnodar has grown new varieties of sunflowers which yield good crops, have a high resistance to diseases, and the seeds contain 50 per cent oil. Another scientist from Krasnodar, Academician Paveli Lukyanenko, a son of a Kuban Cossack grain-grower, spent many years growing varieties of high yield wheat. His varieties "Bezostaya", "Aurora" and "Kavkaz" yield up to 60 centners of grain per hectare on Kuban soil.

Every fourth person in Krasnodar studies. There are 80 secondary, 15 special and technical schools and six establishments of higher education in the city. Recently a university was opened. The Krasnodar agricultural institute (with 11 faculties) is one of the largest in the USSR.

Very soon Krasnodar will be known as a resort town. Underground springs of iodine-bromide water of high medicinal effectiveness were discovered recently. A large balneological complex — containing a hydrophobic unit, a

polyclinic and living quarters — is under construction.

From year to year Krasnodar is growing and becoming more and more beautiful. The little houses made of *turnik* — cane and wattle coated with clay — which was the main building material in the Kuban in the past, are being demolished. In their place rise modern apartment blocks made of concrete, brick and glass. In the last few years, three theatre buildings (drama, musical comedy and puppet show), and an unusual circus building have been constructed. New public gardens and parks are being opened.

Krasnodar will soon cross the Kuban river. The project of a new district on the other side of the river is being worked out in great detail. The new district must be self-contained and at the same time an organic part of the city.

I am standing in the park next to the Zaporozhye Oak Tree" and this silent witness of the city's birth seems to be staring in amazement at its turbulent growth and listening to the powerful beat of the great heart of the land of the Kuban.



from the newspaper  
SOVIITSKAYA LATVIA

# “THE PATIENT’S SAFETY IS OUR PRIME CONCERN”

Dr. Boris Petrovsky, a Member of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences and USSR Health Minister:

*“In our time the key indicator of the level of medical care in any country is how much its health services employ the latest scientific achievements.”*

**CORRESPONDENT:** Rapid implementation of scientific achievements in practical medicine has always been an acute problem. What is the state of affairs in this field in the Soviet Union?

**PETROVSKY:** Almost 900 large research institutions work on theoretical problems of medicine in the Soviet Union, annually completing more than 10,000 investigations. The problems of traumatology and orthopaedics, for instance, are explored in over 20 research centres, let alone the relevant chairs of medical institutes. All this immense endeavour is coordinated by what we call problem commissions of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences. They receive detailed information on all recent developments, evaluate new investigations and see to it that they are speedily put into practice. The definitive assessment of each new study is made by the Medical Research Council of the USSR Health Ministry.

**CORRESPONDENT:** How are medical innovations tested in practice?

**PETROVSKY:** The entire activity of the USSR Health Ministry is aimed at the extensive utilisation of effective remedies and means of disease prevention. The Soviet Union has more than 60,000 treatment and prevention institutions. Considering the scope of work, the country cannot do without the extensive industrial manufacture of medical preparations. In the past

two years, for instance, we have launched the serial manufacture of 193 medicines and another 54 are earmarked for production in the near future.

But — an obvious groundrule for a truly humane society — we thoroughly test all new preparations before their extensive clinical application is permitted.

Take, for example, fluorafur, a new remedy for cancer. This preparation was obtained by chemists of the Organic Synthesis Institute of the Latvian Academy of Sciences in 1965. For two years scientists working in wide-ranging fields studied its properties on animals — not only its effect on different types of tumours, but also its side-effects and toxicity. Fluorafur's merits were justly evaluated and it was proposed for clinical tests. The Pharmacology Committee of the Board of Introduction of New Medicinal Remedies and Medical Equipment permitted these tests.

They were supervised by the Chemotherapeutical Centre. It worked out a routine procedure for the application of this preparation and the indications for fluorafur treatment. Only after all misgivings were dispelled was fluorafur tested on a limited category of patients. Next, it was sent to 17 Soviet clinics. The results were again discussed at sessions of the Pharmacology Committee, which, upon making another evaluation of fluorafur's merits, entered it on the state register of medicinal remedies.

No medicine, whether obtained in Soviet laboratories or received from abroad, can be used without this committee's permission. And not only medicine. The same applies to all remedies and methods of diagnosing, prevention and treatment of diseases.

**CORRESPONDENT:** Isn't this process rather involved?

**PETROVSKY:** Yes, it is an involved process. But it cannot be otherwise if

we really want to protect the patient's interests. The patient's safety is our prime concern.

**CORRESPONDENT:** And still, how are so many new preparations put into clinical practice?

**PETROVSKY:** It must be noted that advertising medicines among the population is banned in the Soviet Union. But at the same time we must keep each doctor informed about new remedies. In addition to the more than 100 Soviet medical newspapers and magazines, this job is done by the permanent refresher system, which extends to all 800,000 Soviet doctors.

About once in five years each doctor attends an advanced training course and hears lectures given by the country's leading scientists and visits research institutes and the top clinics. Medical research societies unite practising doctors working in each of the country's regions. At regular all-union and republican conferences and symposia on widely-ranging medical problems, doctors, in addition to discussing these problems, exchange their experience and report their advances.

**CORRESPONDENT:** Does the introduction of a new medicine depend on

the initiative of the doctors themselves?

**PETROVSKY:** Their initiative is indeed a vital factor. A serious recommendation of new medicines or treatment methods is the order of the USSR Health Ministry, which permits their application in the clinic. All health service bodies employ leading experts in each field of medicine who are personally responsible for the execution of this order throughout the entire system of treatment and preventive institutions — ranging from a rural hospital to a research institute clinic. This makes the introduction of the new into medical practice independent of anybody's subjective attitude.

**CORRESPONDENT:** All this must involve unplanned expenditures, and considerable ones?

**PETROVSKY:** Why unplanned? The state makes budgetary allocations for the introduction of new medicines. Extra allocations to medical institutions are made by the local Soviets from their over and above-the-plan incomes. Finally, medicines are greatly helped by industrial and agricultural enterprises.

#### LITTLE MUSICIAN

Koba Negrelshvili, a pupil of Tbilisi kindergarten No. 27, devotes all his free time to music. He has already composed for his playmates an opera *Little Red Riding Hood*.

The youngest composer in Georgia displayed interest in music while still an infant. At the age of three he sang duets with his mother, and when a rhythmic orchestra was organised in the kindergarten, Koba played xylophone and drum. Later he started to conduct and compose songs. In February, 1973 when he was six, his opera *Little Red Riding Hood* was completed.

Koba cannot read notes yet. His mother helps him writing the melodies he composes.

From the newspaper SOVIETSKAYA KULTURA



### Collectors' Corner

This series of postage stamps will be specially liked by those interested in cars. The designs reflect the main stages in the development of the motorcar industry in our country:

**RUSSO-BALI (1909).** The first and only model to be produced in the Russia of those years. The parts were imported and assembled at the Russian-Baltic plant in Riga.

**AMO-F-15 (1924).** First Soviet lorry.

**NAMI-1 (1927).** First Soviet car.

**YA-6 (1929).** First bus.

**GAZ-A (1932).** The car with which mass production started.

Pre-revolutionary Russia did not have a motorcar industry. The production of the Russian-Baltic plant cannot be counted. During World War I construction began of a few car plants but not one of them was actually built. Car production in our country actually began in 1924. The end of the first five-year plan (1931—32) marked the beginning of the intense development of the industry in the USSR.



## GALAXY OF DANCES

Photographs by Valer GEMDE-ROTE

The folk dances of the Soviet Union are infinite in their variety and the galaxy of dance groups in the country reflect the imagination, originality and picturesqueness of national forms and traditions.

"Wedding Dance" performed by  
Northern Russian Folk Choir.







▲ The Latvian "Daile" group doing national folk dance.

Song and Dance Ensemble of Kazakhstan, The "Altyn-Den" [Golden Grain].



In Moldavian, "Zhok" means harvest ► holiday. The Moldavian Folk Dance Ensemble took this name for its own.

In the Arkhangelsk region the dance is serene and graceful, it flows like a melody. On the Volga it is lively and vigorous, with plenty of heelwork. The Chukchi, the Yakuts and other peoples of the Far North imitate birds and animals in their dance movements. In the "Lyanka" dance the Byelorussians depict the whole process of growing flax. The melodies and rhythms of Georgia are wild and passionate.

From the earliest years of Soviet power the wealth of dance traditions of the Soviet peoples has been the focus of close study. Ethnographers,

fine arts historians, choreographers, musicians, have criss-crossed the country. They have collected and written down folk dances. They have created new compositions and stage productions based on them.

The art of folk dancing has developed rapidly and intensively. Today there are hundreds of professional song and dance ensembles, folk choirs, national dance studios in the country. Republican and all-Union art festivals attract representatives from more than 100 nationalities of the USSR.

Such groups as Beryozka, the Mosseyev dancers, the Northern Rus





Choreographic etude "Girls of Ferghana", performed by the Uzbek "Bakhor" dance group.

◀ The fiery dances of Georgia invariably delight audiences.

The Armenian State Song and Dance Ensemble.





Members of the Ukrainian State Dance Ensemble doing the Transcarpathian "Tropolyanka".

san Folk Choir, the Tajik Lola, the ensembles of Georgia and Armenia the Don Cossack Song and Dance Ensemble, are known throughout the world.

Some 16 years ago in sunny Uzbekistan, Bakhor, an all-female dance company, first made a name for itself. Bakhor means spring in Uzbek and the slender, fragile, graceful girls are like the breath of spring. Mukarram Turgunbayeva, the director of the company, devoted a great deal of effort to the further development of her republic's dancers. All 60 members of the group are graduates of the Tashkent Choreographic School. They not only continue the traditions of Uzbek folk dancing, they also create new numbers on the basis of classical forms. For instance, the "Bukhara Miniature" has conquered the hearts of audiences in many countries. A few years ago, the girls returned from Japan with a gold medal of Expo-72.

At an international folk dance competition held in Tunis in 1967, the Krasnoyarsk Ensemble, from the far-off banks of the Yenisei, won first prize. Western dance critics called their performance a "Siberian symphony".

The Moldavian dance group Zhok has many fans. The words of one of the ditties which are called out at the height of the dancing go: "Wherever Moldavians dance, the earth trembles." Their repertoire is varied, not what ever they do, mass dance or humorous number, it carries a partick of the people's life, customs, character. Vladimir Kurbet who has headed the company for many years, is a ballet master of great breadth and imagination. The 1971-72 season of Zhok was a highlight — they were awarded a State Prize of the USSR.

It is impossible to cover all the dance groups in the country. Each year new ones are added to the roster — such as the Voronezh Lada, which won a prize at the Fifth International Folk Lore Festival in Yugoslavia, or Yolo chka, a female dance group from the Komi Autonomous Republic. The creative absorption of folk dances leads to interesting results in modern dance imagery.

"It is not enough to gather pebbles on the shore of the ocean of folk art," says Igor Mosseyev, famed ballet master and connoisseur of dancing. "One must boldly plunge into the ocean, investigate its depths, penetrate its mysteries and make use of them for the benefit of art."



## TIP-UP LORRY EQUALS THREE RAILWAY CARS

by Victor MOLCHANOV and Ivan NOVIKOV

from PRAVDA

The dust had not yet settled after a thunderous explosion before powerful tip-up lorries were already carrying away blocks of iron ore from the huge quarry.

The lorries made at the Byelorussian Motor-Car Works, in the town of Zhodino, near Minsk, assist miners, colliers and hydro-electric project builders. These lorries handle annually about 2.5 thousand million tons of rock.

"Now we are turning out lorries capable of transporting loads of 27 and 40 tons," commented Z. I. Sirotkin, the plant's chief engineer. "One of the targets set by the Twenty-Fourth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1971, reads: 'Organise the production of automatic tip-up lorries and tip-up lorry trains with a hoisting capacity of up to 120 tons for the ore-mining industry.' This directly applies to our plant.

"The Zhodino plant has developed a 'family' of lorries of three basic models, with a capacity of 75, 120 and 180 tons respectively. Recently, the 75-ton tip-up lorry successfully passed tests and was recommended for serial manufacture. The prototype of a 120-ton lorry will soon be produced. Miners of the Kuznetsk Coal Basin will be the first to 'sample' it."

In the plant's experimental shop we felt as though we were in a kingdom of giants. The

driver has to climb a 10 rung ladder to reach the cabin of a 120-ton tip-up lorry.

"The increase in the lorries' load capacity," explained the chief engineer, "stems mainly from progress in open pit mining. Employed in open pit workings, heavy-duty lorries cut capital expenditures on digging by one-third and allow for the use of excavators with large-capacity buckets. The quarries are growing deeper every year. In the 1950s the quarry's depth was, on average, 50 metres. By now it has doubled. The slopes along which rock is delivered are becoming steeper..."

"Our 'quarry toiler' has other distinctions from its counterparts which race along asphalted roads. Operating over a small territory, the tip-up lorry has to be highly manoeuvrable, have a sharper turn radius, be safe for the driver and easy to handle.

"The load upon the lorry's axes when the excavator dumps ore into its body rises eight times. The usual leaf springs cannot make up for such a difference in weight. The plant design engineers have devised pneumatic springs with hydraulic shock-absorbers.

"Roads in quarries are difficult, with long climbs and steep turns. The usual gearboxes won't do here. Designers have sug-

gested a hydromechanical transmission. It has already been applied in 27 and 40 ton lorries."

The best answer to the problem in the case of the automatic tip-up lorries carrying loads of more than 60 tons is electric transmission. It has been devised by the Byelorussian Motor-Car Plant engineers jointly with experts of the Moscow Dynamo Plant. Each driving wheel has its own electric engine. All lorries of particularly great hoisting capacity have been fitted with

such wheels

"Work in deep quarries will be done by what we call trolley-carrier — a new type of lorry," the chief engineer explained. "On an even road it is powered by its own engine. In order to make steep climbs, the lorry is connected to electrical network.

"The new lorries will, naturally, require more powerful engines. A 75-ton lorry needs an engine of up to 1,000 horsepower, a 180-ton lorry one of 2,000-2,500 horse-power. The

designers set their hopes upon gas-turbine power plants. Among the advantages of the turbine are low-toxic exhausts and ease of starting in hard frosts (winters are severe in the greater part of the Soviet Union). True enough, so far, such engines require more fuel than diesels. The plant is conducting research which will shortly make it possible to equip our lorries with gas-turbine engines."

"What tyres do you use for such giants?"

"The wheel diameter of a 75-ton lorry is 2.5 metres while the wheel diameter of a 180-ton lorry is 3.5 metres. The tyres are more than one metre wide."

The giant Byelorussian tip-up lorries are the fruit of creative cooperation between researchers and workers of many industries. These lorries are brainchildren of machine-builders as well as chemists and electric welders, experts in electronics and miners, engine-builders and metallurgists.



Assembly shop in the Byelorussian Motor-Car Works (left). Designers studying new models of 120 tons and over (centre). The BalaZ-349 looks huge but its capacity is only 75 tons (right). Model of a future lorry that will be able to handle 120 tons is depicted at head of story.



# BOOKS IN 132 LANGUAGES

by Oleg DOBROVOLSKY

from the newspaper  
MOSKOVSKY KOMSOMOLETS

The All-Union State Library of Foreign Literature in Moscow contains one of the largest collections of classical and modern world fiction, as well as works on the humanities, natural sciences and fine arts.

A reader can order any publication out of the more than four million volumes in 132 languages and receive it within half an hour.

The library has 14 reading halls, including an audio-visual department. Here a person can listen to tape recordings, records, or watch slides and educational films. People who are studying a foreign language often come here in order to listen to language records.

The library has a permanent membership of 60,000 men and women from all walks of life. The daily attendance runs between 1,500 and 2,000. Readers in 590 towns and cities across the Soviet Union receive books from the Foreign Literature Library through an inter-library exchange service.

A new spacious library building on Ulyanovskaya Street, possessing the latest equipment, was built in 1966. At the present time an automatic system of servicing readers with the help of electronic installations is being tested.

The library has a staff of 700. The study of contemporary foreign litera-

ture falls within the scope of its activities, as well as publishing. The library produces information bulletins on foreign fiction, fine arts, natural and social sciences, methodology of teaching foreign languages and provides bibliographical lists.

The library has extensive foreign connections. It is a collective member of friendship societies with Hungary, Poland, Cuba, the Korean People's Democratic Republic, France and other countries. It cooperates with UNESCO and the International Federation of Library Associations. There is a permanent book exchange arrangement with libraries, publishers, universities and scientific establishments in 85 countries. Some 5,000 titles of newspapers and magazines arrive from 92 countries.

Visitors to Moscow — famous writers, poets, scientists, cultural figures — frequently give lectures and talks at the library. At various times Henri Barbusse, Richard Aldington, Pablo Neruda, James Aldridge, C. P. Snow, have appeared here. Regular specialised book displays are arranged, and ones devoted to the works of progressive world writers.

During my tour of the library I stopped to talk to Elena Karabegova,

a fifth-year philology student at Moscow University. She comes from Yerevan, Armenia, and this is her final year at university.

"I have been a steady visitor here since my first year, but recently even more so since I am working on my thesis on the early Heme. I have access here to the most varied works in German."

Another reader is student Vladimir Beikov, who is specialising in structural and applied linguistics. Before him lay several books in English but the one he was reading was in a language totally unfamiliar to me.

Vladimir explained that the title was *Hawaiian Antiquities and Folklore*. He said he was studying Hawaiian and that in the library he could get many rare books in little known tongues.

In the Asia-Africa reading room I had one more encounter — with Zakhid Kamlov, a postgraduate student at the Institute of Oriental Studies of the USSR Academy of Sciences.

"I'm from Tashkent," Zakhid said. "I teach Hindi and Urdu in the local university. Before that I studied at Luknow University in India on an exchange basis. At present I am working on my thesis on the grammar of Hindi and Bengali. The conditions for work here are excellent."

# Union of 15 Sovereign States

from the book **WHAT IS COMMUNISM?**  
UNION PRESS ASSOCIATES



The Soviet Union has the greatest number of nationalities of any state in the world. It is inhabited by more than 100 nations, nationalities and ethnic groups.

Before the 1917 revolution the majority of them were down-trodden and backward economically and culturally and lacked elementary human rights. Czarist officials termed all citizens of non-Russian origin "aliens." Many nationalities living in Siberia, Russia's Far East and North were doomed to extinction due to merciless exploitation, hunger, poverty and disease.

Soviet power based its nationalities policy on the principle defined by Lenin as follows: *not a single special privilege for any nation.* They all have the right to self-determination, up to and including the right to secede from the USSR. Relations between

peoples are founded on equality, mutual respect, mutual assistance and selfless friendship. As early as the eighth day of its existence, on November 15, 1917, Soviet power made public the "Declaration of Rights of the Peoples of Russia." That was the first legislative document proclaiming equal rights for all citizens, irrespective of colour, race or nationality. The same law is part of the present Constitution of the USSR.

The principle of equality stems from both the essence of communist theory and the nature of political power in a socialist country. The country is ruled by the working people themselves. Obviously, where workers are at the helm of state there is no exploitation of man by man in a socialist society there are no groups interested in enslaving, plundering and exploiting other sections of the population.

How, then, is equality of various peoples — big and small — implemented in the Soviet Union?

The right to work, leisure, education and social insurance, are guaranteed to all Soviet citizens without exception. People of different nationalities — men and women alike — receive equal pay for equal work. The same principle operates in political life. There are frequent cases when a town with a predominantly Russian population elects a Georgian or a Byelorussian deputy to the Supreme Soviet, while Uzbeks may vote for a Ukrainian.

The Soviet state is organised on a national basis. Various peoples, living on defined territory, have formed various political-administrative units, depending on the size of their population. These are Union Soviet socialist republics, incorporating, in their turn, autonomous Soviet socialist republics, autonomous regions and national areas. There are 15 *Union republics*— Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Estonian, Moldavian, Georgian, Armenian, Azerbaijanian, Uzbek, Kirghiz, Tajik, Kazakh and Turkmen.

Each republic is a sovereign state, with its highest organ of power — the Supreme Soviet — which appoints the republican government

24 (the Council of Ministers) and elects the Supreme Court. The Supreme Soviet also endorses the Constitution, the national emblem, flag, anthem and capital of the republic. Only the Supreme Soviet has the right to settle territorial questions. Endorsement of annual and long-term economic development plans and the budget of the republic is also within the competence of the Supreme Soviet. National bodies of state power govern the entire life of the Union republic. Clerical work and tuition within the boundaries of each republic are conducted in the local language.

All Union republics are free to choose their status. They have voluntarily united into a single state — the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR) — with the view to their more successful advancement. The Chairman of the Presidium of the Republican Supreme Soviet is simultaneously one of the 15 deputies of the Chairman of the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet. The USSR Supreme Soviet consists of two chambers with equal rights — the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities. Both the biggest Soviet republic — the Russian Federation — and the smallest, the Estonian republic with a population only one-hundredth that of the Russian Federation, elect the same number of deputies (25) to the Soviet of Nationalities.

The *autonomous Soviet socialist republic* is another form of a national state formation. It also has its territory, Constitution, Supreme Soviet, government, budget, Supreme Court and capital. Each autonomous republic is represented by 11 deputies on the Soviet of Nationalities. One such republic is the Yakut autonomous republic with a population of 715,000.

The *autonomous regions and national areas* are self-governing administrative units formed by small nationalities, which are not state formations. However, they retain many state functions. Each autonomous region sends five deputies to the Soviet of Nationalities, and each national area — one deputy. Their local bodies of power — regional or territorial Soviets of working people's deputies — are complete masters on their territory. The Soviets are organised with

due account of the local specific features and conduct all proceedings in the language of the indigenous population. They also have their own independent budget. We can cite as an example the Adyghet autonomous region with a population of 400,000 and the Evenki national area inhabited by only 13,000 people.

Equality of the Soviet peoples is also manifested in their economic and cultural development. Before the 1917 revolution large-scale industry was concentrated mainly in Central Russia, the Urals and the Ukraine. Now all republics have a modern developed economy. In Soviet Central Asian republics — Uzbekistan, Kirghizia, Tajikistan and Turkmenia — where formerly there was only small-scale cottage-industry, big centres of iron-and-steel, mining and heavy engineering industries, as well as up-to-date hydro installations, have sprung up. Since the formation of the Soviet Union, the volume of industrial production in Kazakhstan has grown 600 times, in Tajikistan — more than 500 times, in Kirghizia — more than 400, in Uzbekistan — more than 240, and in Turkmenia — more than 130 times.

The Soviet peoples' cultural standards have risen immeasurably. Before the revolution many of these peoples (even such sizeable groups as the Kazakhs to say nothing of the tiny nationalities of what is now the Soviet Far East and North) did not even have a written language of their own. Now each Union republic has its Academy of Sciences and dozens of research institutions staffed with scientific workers of local nationalities. National literatures and arts of very small nationalities have also flourished. They have all merged into Soviet culture, socialist in content, varied in national form and internationalist in spirit and character.

Now that the Soviet Union is over 50 years old there can be no ground whatsoever for national discord in the country. All the nations and nationalities of the Soviet Union are marching forward to one and the same goal — the building of a communist society.



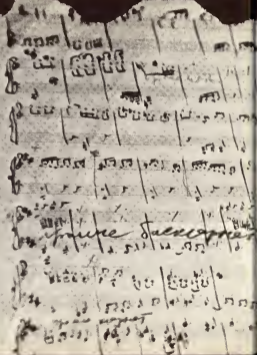


# DEDICATED TO HIS NATIVE CITY,

by Yuri ALYANSKY

from the magazine ZVEZDA

Photographs by Oleg MAKAROV



← Dmitri Shostakovich in besieged Leningrad, September, 1941.

# LENINGRAD..

1942 June 21, Saturday. Nobody knew anything yet. The conductor of the Leningrad Radio Symphony Orchestra, Karl Eliasberg, lay down to rest after coming home from a brilliant professor of the Leningrad Conservatoire. Composer Dmitri Shostakovich, bought a ticket that Saturday for the next day's football match. The musicians of the orchestra left town for the weekend.

Could Eliasberg have imagined that soon he would be the only conductor remaining in the whole of Leningrad, one of the musical capitals of the world? Could Shostakovich have believed that instead of a battle between two rival football teams, a struggle of a magnitude the world has never known would begin between the Soviet people and fascism?

A week after the war began, east

"Please describe the circumstances of the performance in Leningrad in August 1942 of Dmitri Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. Who conducted?"

Irena Topfstedt, Erlan,  
German Democratic Republic

ing aside everything that he had hitherto been working on Shostakovich began writing his symphony. During the day at the conservatoire he found no time to compose — too many duties claimed his attention. The professor had to see his students off to war. With the others who still remained he conducted lessons. And when the air raid warning sounded, the professor climbed up on the roof and did the job of warden. Only in the evening, at home, to the accompaniment of bomb explosions could he settle down to work. But the work went fast. By the first of September

he had already completed the score of the second movement.

The Seventh Symphony was swiftly moving to completion. Shostakovich decided to play it at home on the piano to an audience of a few friends and fellow composers whom he especially invited for the occasion. Everyone present was astounded at the enormous sheets of score lying on the table. It turned out that in addition to the usual composition of a symphony orchestra Shostakovich had added a brass band which would multiply the sound effects. Shostakovich played nervously, tensely

**The Seventh Symphony is about those who survived**



towards the end of the first movement when the march theme of the fascist invasion was introduced, some where nearby a siren began to howl. The second and third movements were played to the staccato accompaniment of ack-ack fire. When the music died away, his friends asked him to repeat the whole thing from the beginning. They returned home shaken in profound silence.

Soon afterwards, the composer was evacuated to the Volga city of Kuibyshev. There he finished the orchestration.

We request all musicians to come

in and register. We request all musicians. We request.

This call was repeated over and over again by the loudspeakers in the streets of snowed-in, blockaded Leningrad. In those grim days Leningrad's musical life was represented by the 150 musicians of the radio orchestra — everybody else had been evacuated. However, 27 names out of the 150 had to be circled in black. And most of the rest in red — they were suffering from dysentery. Only eight names were left. They could play an octette perhaps, but a symphony. No, it was out of the ques-

**and triumphed over the blockade.**



tion. That is why the loudspeakers kept calling "We request all musicians to come in and register."

Violins, cellos, bassoons, tails were brought out. Some wept, feeling they did not have the strength to pick up even the lightest instrument. But they got on their feet and made their way to the Radio building and there, found themselves in an atmosphere of warmth and friendly concern. That is how the orchestra was reborn. The first session did not resemble any ordinary rehearsal very much. However, there was a second, a third. The music began to acquire a voice. On the fifth of April, 1942, the new symphony season opened in the besieged city. The orchestra was conducted by Karl Eliasberg. He had trouble walking to the concert hall. But once on the podium he held himself firm and erect. He wore a starched, sparkling-white shirt front and tails.

The Leningrad Radio Symphony Orchestra gave 160 performances during the war years. There is no point figuring — was that a lot or little. Each was a feat of heroism. And one of the concerts, the one held August 9, 1942, made history. That was the day the Seventh first rang throughout Leningrad.

The musicians gathered in the foyer, conversing in low voices. Anxiously they scanned the familiar hall. The chandeliers were burning at half-power, but they were lit! Microphones were installed in the central aisle. They were to let the world

know of the victory achieved that night. The concert-hall was jammed. Many in the audience saw each other for the first time after a long interval; many came straight from the front which then was at the very gates of the city. And the ones who could not come defended the city by artillery fire. By orders of the High Command the batteries carried out "Operation Squall" and the Hitlerites could only crawl back into their holes. During the performance of the Seventh Symphony for 80 minutes, not a single shell burst in the streets of Leningrad, not a single enemy plane broke through the defenses of the city.

Eighty minutes of music, 80 minutes of history... on the streets people surrounded the loudspeakers and listened. They listened inside flats, in earth dugouts and trenches at the front. They listened in Moscow and Khabarovsk, London and New York.

The writer Alexei Tolstoy listened too. "No, man is stronger than the elements," he wrote. "The string instruments enter the combat. The harmony of violins and the human voices of bassoons are stronger than the thunder of the mule-hide stretched over the drum. With the desperate beating of your heart you contribute to the victory of harmony. The violins harmonise the chaos of war, silence its cave howl. Blood is being spilled for the beauty of this world. It is worthwhile to live for this and worthwhile to fight... Shostakovich put his ear to the heart of his Home

land and played a song of triumph." The last note of the symphony died away. A ringing silence blanketed the hall. It held an incredibly long time. Eliasberg stood with his hands lowered, as though turned into a statue of music. Only then the hall crashed into an ovation.

In Moscow, an unremarkable looking man in glasses quickly mounted the steps of the Central Telegraph office and handed in a wire in which he thanked the conductor and the whole orchestra for their performance of his symphony in such unprecedentedly arduous conditions.

The war ended. Many years passed. A group of tourists came to Leningrad from West Germany. One of them got in touch with Eliasberg and requested

a meeting. When the two men met, the tourist pulled a notebook out of his pocket, in which were entered the dates of all the performances of classical music over Radio Leningrad during the blockade. The surprised conductor asked, "How do you know all this?" The tourist replied, "I was among the soldiers besieging Leningrad. We always listened to your radio programmes and each broadcast convinced me more and more that you would withstand the blockade. If a city in such a terrifying situation could continue to broadcast symphony concerts it could never be taken. When I realised this I surrendered. I am alive now because of you."

Eliasberg was extremely affected by the story.

## MUSEUM of the Seventh Symphony

This unique museum is located in a Leningrad school. Everything that had any connection with the writing and performance of Dmitri Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony has been gathered here. Side by side with the conductor's baton used by Karl Eliasberg at the first performance, there is a graph of the artillery fire from the Soviet positions that day. There are photographs of all the musicians who took part in the concert. There is a music score inscribed by the composer. And there is a rare stem, not even to be found in libraries — an original programme of the premiere. Shostakovich's dedication reads: "To our struggle with fascism, to our impending victory over the enemy, to my native city of Leningrad I dedicate my Seventh Symphony."

## SEVASTOPOL:

It happened in 1941-42 — the hardest period of the Great Patriotic War. Though cut off from the rest of the country by land and naval encirclement, Sevastopol refused to surrender, diverting a 200,000-strong Nazi army from other offensives.

That epic defence lasted eight months, to be exact 250 days. Eventually forced out of the city, Soviet sailors and soldiers, each scooping up a handful of its soil, vowed to return. On May 9, 1944 they re-entered Sevastopol.

In observing the 30th anniversary of the liberation of this hero-city SPUTNIK publishes a fragment from the memoirs of the writer Pyotr Sazhin, who as a war correspondent, participated in the closing battles for the citadel.

The Crimea's mountain roads have never been easy, with their steep climbs and descents and a host of abrupt turns. Now they had become still more difficult. Motorcars, motorcycles, two-horse carriages, cavalry men, artillery teams — all were converging on Sevastopol. Here and there one could see army jackets, pea-jackets, sailors' hats, automatic machine-guns, hand-grenades worn behind the belt, navymen with their pronounced rolling gait. The hum of metal drowned the hum of voices. The blue of the sky vied with the blue of the

The taking of Gratskaya Pier.

## THIRTY YEARS AGO

by Pyotr SAZHIN  
from the magazine MOSKVA



sea. The mountain tops sparkled with their white caps. Lower, the green alpine meadows spread out. Still lower, there was a flaming sea of blooming cornelian trees. Planes were streaking through the sky. Soon, very soon we would reach Sevastopol.

#### Assault After Assault

The decisive battles on the approaches to this city were in their third day. Tanks, artillery and aircraft softened up the sides of Mount Sapan. Sailors were "boarding" seaside Height Sakharovaya Golovka (Little Sugar-Loaf). Our planes were making life particularly miserable for the nazis. Never before had I seen such huge numbers of planes over a comparatively small area.

Assault followed assault. From both sides torrents of metal were rained upon the heights of Mount Sapan. They were coming so thick and fast that they seemed to leave no space even for a fly to crawl between them unhurt. The mountain itself gave the impression of being about to split from the explosions of artillery shells and airbombs.

From the direction of Sevastopol we saw columns of smoke and clouds of earth. A staff major, who had just driven up in a jeep, said that the smoke was coming from an oil-tanker blazing in Severnaya (Northern) Bay and that the clouds of earth were bursts on the mountainside.

Soon we heard that the unit of a captain named Shilov had hoisted a red banner on Mount Sapan.

That victory opened the way to Sevastopol.

Now firing flared up on Heraklitsky Peninsula. Here spring was at its height. Poppies were blooming on the

hillsides, wormwood was waving little silvery paws.

Spring is wonderful everywhere. But in the southern land of the Crimea, particularly in the coastal steppe near Sevastopol, it is unique. To breathe the air and admire the scenery would ordinarily have been enough for any man. Yet now the eye sought, in this amazingly beautiful steppe, not a flower, but a target to fire at.

The entire landscape was aflame. Shells were bursting, earth was flying skywards. It was difficult to ascertain where the frontline was. It did not remain static for one minute. A huge army, battle-scarred, determined to settle accounts with the Hitlerites, was rolling towards Sevastopol from every direction. It was, so to speak, shifting the nazi troops, or more exactly, sweeping them away from the hills.

#### Eight Years Compressed into Five Days

Two reinforced concrete defence lines were behind us but another one — apparently the most challenging — lay ahead. Colonel-General Jänecke of the Engineers, who had been in command of the Wehrmacht troops in the Crimea, had constructed several extremely complex defence belts around Sevastopol. General Almondinger, who had replaced General Jänecke, made the following point-blank statement in one of his army orders: "I have received an order to defend every inch of ground on the Sevastopol beachhead. You realise its importance. . . . The beachhead is heavily detoured in terms of engineering works and the enemy, wherever he appears, will become entangled in the defence networks. But the idea of retreating to these positions should not enter anyone's head."

In conclusion, the general added: "The Russians held Sevastopol for eight months. We shall hold it for eight years!"

This order was read out to the nazi troops on May 3. In five days, the Soviet army made great advances, and not a single unit had become entangled in the devious installations of Colonel-General Jänecke. Fighting was already in progress on the outskirts of Sevastopol.

Then came the crucial moment in the battle, the earth and the sky groaned, seared by fire, and the tanks advanced rapidly and angrily. Dust trailed behind them like the smoke from a prairie fire.

I jumped into one of the barries. Before my eyes lay twisted pieces of iron, paralysed in a savage cramp, stones reddened by blood, earth licked by flames, dead bodies, not yet touched by decay.

Sevastopol! Dear Sevastopol, will I see you soon? Now it lies open before my eyes. . . . Many of us feel our throats constrict. The sailors in the barries, without saying a word to each other, stand up and remove their hats and forage-caps. The road turns to Yuzhnaya Bay. Over this bay, the smoke drags like a tail.

But what has become of Sevastopol? This city, this dear white southern city, with its Doric-style semi-detached little houses built of white Inkerman stone, with fenced-in small gardens, has disappeared. Ruins and smoke. This is what Sevastopol is like now. Nevertheless, you're again and forever ours!

#### Sailor's Hat For a Flag

I leaf through the yellow notebooks of that time. One of the entries said

"By liberation, only 200 of Sevastopol's 6,000 main buildings have survived, and even these are half-ruined. The rest have been reduced to rubble." The city was left without water supply, without a single nail, a single plank. Its streets were the scene of an endless flow of marching troops. After the sustained assault the soldiers were tortured by thirst and dust. How happy they would be to take a dip, change their shirts and gulp some water!

The women of Sevastopol, who had lived through the horrors of nazi occupation, met the soldiers like mothers' barrels were rolled out to the sidewalks, troughs and pails of water stood ready. The soldiers paused, drank the wonderful crystal-clear water and snoring with pleasure scooped up flaskfuls to take along on their further journey. The dusty, tired horses, drained the cool water from the troughs.

Another entry in my notebook: Graftskaya pier. To its old merits it has added a new one. It is on record that in 1853 the people of Sevastopol here met Admiral Nakhimov after the brilliant battle of Sinop. From here the cruiser Okeanon led by Lieutenant Schmidt, who assumed command of the ships that had rebelled against the czarist autocracy, set sail in November 1905. Yesterday (I mean May 9, 1944) the sailor Pyotr Rublev, rushing into Sevastopol with a shock group of the marines, hoisted over the pediment of the Graftskaya pier his sailor's hat. He had no flag to raise. I strongly regretted reaching that place too late. The hat was gone. Instead, the free wind of the sea was fluttering the Soviet naval flag."

## SOVIET CULTURAL NEWS

### ANOTHER UNIVERSITY IN SIBERIA

The Soviet Union has opened its 60th university — in Tyumen, one of the regional centres of Siberia. It will train personnel for the booming economy and culture of the region.

Its five departments — physics and mathematics, history and philology, Romance and Germanic philology, chemistry and biology, economics and geography — have enrolled a total of 3,000 students. Among them are many members of the Soviet northern nationalities — Nenetsi, Khanty, Mansi. The 40 faculties employ more than 300 professors and researchers.

The rector of this new establishment of higher learning, Professor Igor Alexandrov, stated: "According to plan, our university will expand over the next few years, setting up new departments, faculties and laboratories. Our physicists will study processes that take place in oil layers which are being worked, our chemists will study the properties of oil, our biologists will concentrate upon fish reproduction in Siberia. In the centre of Tyumen, a new university town will spring up on an area of 44 hectares, where, next to the school buildings, there will be student hostels and a sports complex with a swimming pool."

### THREE THOUSAND MILLION CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The *Detskaya Literatura* Publishing House in Moscow is 40 years old. It

has turned out 30,000 titles of children's books with a total circulation of three thousand million copies.

Founded in 1933 on the initiative of Maxim Gorky, it has attracted many gifted writers, illustrators, scientists, scholars, teachers and experienced printers who enthusiastically create books for children. Among them were the outstanding writers Samuel Marshak, Kornel Chukovsky and Arkadi Gaidar. This publishing house caters for youngsters of all age groups, makes efforts to engage authors from all the Soviet republics, has the world's best children's books translated and, of course, does not neglect the classics.

*Detskaya Literatura* is the most popular children's literature publishing house but by no means the sole one,



## SOVIET CULTURAL NEWS

Books for young readers are also brought out by all Soviet central, republican and regional fiction publishing houses.

### DIPLOMAS OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE'S THEATRE



After a performance of "The Witch", members of the cast congratulate Temna Lushkevich, who made her debut on the stage of the Jewish People's Theatre.

Following a review of the urban and rural people's theatres of the Khabarovsk Territory (in the east of the Soviet Union), a Diploma of the 1st Degree went to the Jewish People's Company.

In the Khabarovsk Trade Unions Palace of Culture it showed *The Witch*, by Avrom Goldfaden, a Jewish classic playright.

Diplomas of the first degree and the titles of "Winners of Khabarovsk Territorial Review of People's

Theatres" also went to the performers of the main roles, the theatre's musical director and conductor.

This theatre, in Birobidzhan, the centre of the Jewish Autonomous Region, was established 10 years ago. Its repertoire includes Jewish classics and plays by Soviet dramatists and local authors. Pride of place is naturally held by stage adaptations of works by Sholom Aleichem. This theatre has gone on tour several times, giving performances in towns and villages throughout the territory which have invariably enjoyed great success.

### CYRANO — ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE

The Azerbaijanian composer Kara Karayev, People's Artist of the USSR and winner of the Lenin Prize, has made his debut in musical comedy by turning to *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the famous play by Edmond Rostand.

"I have to admit, said Kara Karayev, that like so many musicians, I once was under the delusion that there is a wall dividing serious and light music. My work on *The Furious Gascon* (the title of my new production) has absolutely convinced me that light music makes serious demands on the composer."

From the newspaper SOVIETSKAYA SIBIR  
MOSKOVSKY KOMSOMOLETS  
TYUMENSKANSKAYA ZVEZDA  
and VYSHEK



## GAS TO RURAL AREAS

Sabit ORUDZHEV, USSR Minister of the Gas INDUSTRY,  
in an interview given to a Correspondent of the newspaper  
SELSKAYA ZHIZN.

**CORRESPONDENT:** What problems are being tackled by the Soviet gas industry in the Ninth Five-Year Plan period?

**ORUDZHEV:** According to the decisions of the Party's 24th Congress, in the present five year plan period the Soviet gas industry is to carry on with the

building of a single country-wide gas supply system. Concrete tasks have been posed in the laying of gas pipelines and the securing of the most effective gas flows...

Today the Soviet Union has a total length of almost 70,000 kilometres of gas pipelines. In

1973 alone, the third year of the current plan, the network grew by almost 20,000 kilometres. Large-diameter — 1,220 and 1,420 millimetre — pipes are employed in the building of new lines, which cross the taiga, deserts, swamps, powerful rivers and mountain ranges. The world's most northerly gas pipeline is now in operation in the Kola Peninsula and gas pipelines are being laid in Yakutia (Eastern Siberia)

The rapid expansion in natural gas extraction in recent years, the development of gas pipeline network and the appreciable rise in the output of liquefied gases make it possible to supply gas to increasing numbers of towns and rural areas

A decade ago only about 1,000 cities and towns, 540 urban-type settlements and 356 rural centres had access to gas

By July 1, 1973 gas had been supplied to 1,842 cities and towns and 2,255 townships. The number of flats using gas has topped the 32 million mark 125 million people — half of the country's population — now employ this type of fuel

Take, for instance, the Kirghiz Republic, the most southerly in Soviet Central Asia. All its cities,

towns, townships, collective and state farms and more than 130 industrial enterprises have been provided with gas. Moreover, in this republic, with its extensive outlying pasturelands, about 20,000 felt tents and homes of shepherds have been supplied with gas

**CORRESPONDENT:** How is the Soviet Union extending gas service to its rural areas in general?

**ORUDZHEV:** Nearly 56,000 Soviet villages are already getting gas. The number of gas-using rural flats has topped 8.2 million and is rapidly growing. More than 34 million rural inhabitants — over 33 per cent of the countryside population — now employ gas.

**CORRESPONDENT:** What benefits are offered by the use of gas in agricultural production?

**ORUDZHEV:** Quite a few. The collective and state farms have accumulated considerable experience which corroborates the economic effectiveness and technical expediency of the use of gas

Many farms burn gas for heating livestock barns, thus cutting heating expenditures 1.7-1.8 times in comparison with other types of fuel. Gas heating sharply

raises the output of livestock produce at reduced cost

Gas is also used in the heating of unprotected plots, hothouses and in the enrichment of their atmosphere with carbon dioxide. This makes the upkeep of hot-houses cheaper and their crop yield appreciably higher.

Gas heating of poultry farms and poultry factories raises the survival rate of fledglings and improves their growth.

Gas is also finding increasingly expanded application in the protection of warmth-loving plants from freezing, the storage of farm produce, the heating of lorries and tractors in open parking areas in the cold season before their engines are started, and for other purposes.

**CORRESPONDENT:** What are the immediate prospects for the extension of the gas supply to homes in rural areas?

**ORUDZHEV:** In the present five-year plan period the proportion of gas-serviced homes in the countryside is to be raised to 40-50 per cent. In other words, by the end of 1975 the number of gas-using centres of population in the country will have reached 65-70 thousand and at least 12.2 million rural homes will be using this cheap and convenient type of fuel.

Там, где сосны,  
Где дом родной,  
Есть озеро  
С мягкой водой

Ты не печалься,  
Ты не прощайся, —  
Все впереди у нас с тобой

Как кукушке  
Не куковать,  
Ей судьба нам  
Не предсказывать.

Ты не печалься,  
Ты не прощайся,  
А выходи меня встречать

Над дорогой  
Встаёт зари,  
Синим светом  
Полны моря

Ты не печалься,  
Ты не прощайся, —  
Ведь жизнь придумана не зря

Будет радость,  
А может грусть...  
Ты оклики —  
Я откликнусь.

Ты не печалься,  
Ты не прощайся,  
Я обязательно вернусь.

## DO NOT BE SAD

Words by Nikolai DOBRONRAVOV

Music by Mikael TARIVERDIEV

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are in Russian and English. The English lyrics are: "There, where the pines, / Where the home is dear, / There is a lake / With soft water." "You don't need to be sad, / You don't need to say goodbye, — / Everything is ahead of us with you." "Like a cuckoo / Don't need to cuckoo, / Her fate for us / Cannot be foretold." "You don't need to be sad, / You don't need to say goodbye, / And come out to meet me." "Over the road / The dawn is rising, / In blue light / The seas are full." "You don't need to be sad, / You don't need to say goodbye, — / For life was not invented in vain." "There will be joy, / And maybe sadness... / You call me — / I will answer." "You don't need to be sad, / You don't need to say goodbye, / I will definitely return." The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

For each one of us there will be rendezvous and partings, moments of grief and moments of joy. Do not be sad. As summer comes after a long winter, as day follows dark night, you and I will meet. Just call me and I will look back. All is still ahead of us.





# SKIN-DIVERS IN THE ANTARCTIC

## A Thousand Whys and Wherefores

*I jumped at the chance when it was offered to me: an expedition of skin-divers was setting off for the Antarctic to study the submarine world.*



by Sergel RYBAKOV, an engineer  
from the book WITH A CAMERA UNDER WATER AND ICE  
Photographs by the author



The original inhabitants calmly go about their business (below) while the new arrivals prepare to dive (above). The denizens of the Antarctic have become accustomed to man.



The group included Yevgeni Gruzov and Alexander Pushkin, both biologists, and Valentin Lyuleyev, a mechanical engineer. I was to be the fourth member.

What is the biological structure and productivity of the World Ocean? This question requires a study of the waters of the bleak Southern Ocean. We already knew something about life in the Antarctic from the results of the first expedition\*

We were to carry on the exploration of the coastal waters at the stations Molodyozhnaya and Mirny. In addition, while sailing in the Antarctic on board the diesel-vessel *Ob* we were to dive up to a depth of 60 metres.

Scientists have long been attracted to the area of the South Shetlands, here the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic meet and mix, so the marine world is bound to be interesting. Individual sources mention whole forests of giant water plants over 40 metres long. This sub-aquatic "jungle" raised a host of questions. How to reach the bottom if these groves turned out to be too dense? Suppose we lost our way amid the undersea "lianas"?

There were grounds for all kinds of imaginings, both serious and humorous, in the Barents Sea, even small thickets of marine flora hampered the descent considerably.

#### Under the Armour of Ice

Breaking the ice, the *Ob* forged her way toward the continent. Meanwhile, we prepared for our first dip amid the drifting ice-floes of the Antarctic. Our initial test was at hand: would we be gripped by claustrophobia down there? Overhead, the ice would be almost three metres thick!

We chose a narrow crack for our plunge. The water was barely visible: merely a mash of snow and crushed ice. We were showered with advice on what to do if we came across a grampus. "It's a mere trifle for a grampus to tear a skin-diver to pieces and gobble him up," we had heard on many occasions from opponents of Antarctic dips. We used to reply with a confidence we did not really feel: "Grampuses are no danger; man provokes no food reaction in them."

As I slipped down underneath the ice, the glass of my mask

\* See *Sputnik*, October 1959

immediately became misty on the inside and iced on the outside. I found myself in a fantastic world. The water was so clear that I barely noticed it. Visibility was unparalleled. Once my goggles had cleared I could see a distance of 50 metres ahead. The submerged surface of the ice was uneven and dark blue in colour. One that slanted two or three metres above the water descended seven to ten metres below. Through the cracks and clearings whole columns of light pierced into the water.

Spellbound, I stopped moving for a minute. An abrupt jerk of the cable recalled me to my senses. "How are you feeling?" came the signal. "All right," I replied. At a depth of 15 metres the cable pulled taut again. There was no going deeper—the safety man wouldn't permit me.

After our dives, the head of the expedition, Alexei Treshnikov, a well-known polar explorer, suggested that we fly to the mainland and start on our programme at Molodyozhnaya station.

One hour's flight brought us to our destination.

On our first day we made our diving holes. By the shore the

ice is a metre-and-a-half to two metres thick so we had to use explosives. On the following day we took our first plunge. Pushkin was the first to disappear under the ice. He went down to 40 metres, but unexpectedly he reappeared holding a net full of some tiny shellfish.

"There's a whole cloud of them down there!" he exclaimed excitedly. These shellfish provide food for whales and other large denizens of the Antarctic. They are members of the crustacean plankton family, and are known by whale-hunters as krills. The study of their migration habits is of immense scientific and practical interest.

A Weddell seal popped out of our ice hole, looked at us with curiosity, submerged and resurfaced. Pushkin took a handful of krills from his net and threw them to the seal. The animal seemed to eat with visible enjoyment and licked its chops.

After the diving session I prepared the equipment for the following day's work and Pushkin cooked our dinner. We lost a lot of calories underwater so the menu had to make up for it. Frying in butter on the pan was a whole kilogramme of meat,



Seals are also friendly and quite ready to pose. One of them has obviously decided to give the divers a lesson in swimming (above), while another prefers to make closer acquaintance with the guests from the USSR.



cut into small pieces and mixed with onions and pepper. A can of tomato juice poured over it added a nice flavour. Then we drank mugs of cocoa.

After dinner we relaxed for 15 minutes. Then we sorted out our submarine treasures. Between four and seven every afternoon we photographed the penguins and other birds, of which there was an abundance.

### Terrifying Cold

In the mornings it could be 10 below but in the middle of the day the sun blazed hotly. Our faces were sunburnt and our lips cracked, but we steadily moved further out under water as our bodies became conditioned.

Once, avoiding a steep slope covered by big stones, I kicked hard in order to float past a dangerous section. One fin slipped off my foot. As I bent over to pull it up I could feel my suit ripping. In spite of all my efforts I must have caught it on one of the razor-sharp edges. I had to get out fast! The thick underclothing, even wet, does offer some protection from the cold, but when the water tem-

perature is minus 19 degrees Centigrade, the thermal insulation of wet wool is inadequate.

At dinner we discussed the problem of how to protect the body from cold when we took our ice "baths". After acclimatization we could stay underwater for about 50 minutes — almost the limit.

Any damage to the suit, however minor, causes enormous heat losses. Since the thermal capacity of water is 700 times higher than that of air, and its heat conductivity 25 times greater, it sucks the calories from the body. Shock follows and man loses his capacity to resist.

### Marine Jungles

In the South Shetlands we went to work in a small bay. The rocks were covered with a solid carpet of sponges. On the bottom there was a mass of water plants, so dense that their leaves, floating in the current, formed a thick layer. The plants clung to my legs and aqualung. It seemed that I was caught in them. Any abrupt movement only made things worse. But when I stopped moving the sea current, by un-



Nevertheless, old friends are dearest of all. He not only watches, he is always ready to assist [above]. The diver's fingers may be numb but whatever he brings up from the depths will be handled with care [below].





4 Who said that life was scarce in the waters of the Antarctic! Clockwise from upper left: There are jellyfish, starfish, sea hedgehogs, sponges, and many other types of marine life. A diver brings up sponges from a depth of 60 metres (at left in centre). This is only a small part of the prizes obtained by Soviet explorers under the ice.

tangling the leaves, helped me to escape. Unhurriedly, I rescued one leg, then the other

At a depth of 40 metres I saw something unusual — parabolic arches with spans of up to five metres each. What was it? Animal or vegetable? I touched one and it felt elastic. It wasn't hard to detach whatever it was from the bottom, but it wouldn't go into the net. It coiled in rings and grabbed at my hand. I let my captive go and it floated easily to the top. I put out my net and it rolled into a ball and

slipped in.

In the boat, we racked our brains. What could it be? Finally, our biologists decided that it was a compound ascidium — a kind of marine organism.

#### We'll Come Back, Antarctica!

The short Antarctic summer was coming to a close. Our final dive was behind us — the last of

150. We could be satisfied with the collections we made in the South Shetlands area

Preliminary explorations reveal that the ocean floor around the station Molodyozhnaya is fairly well lit; the coastal ice zone has almost no snow cover. At a depth of five to eight metres the water is lifeless: in winter it acquires a thick layer of ice crystals. At a depth of 8-15 metres the animal population includes sea urchins, starfish and coral colonies. Deeper, there are sponges and ascidia. The silt

soil is inhabited by oysters, cockles, mussels and small worm-like polychaetes. The sandy soil is extremely poor in animal life.

The last day. In a few hours the *Ob* would be sailing. We stared sadly at the sea: many months would pass before we returned! Our next expedition is to study the life cycle of the denizens of the Southern Ocean throughout the four seasons of the year.



## THE LAST PIECE OF ATLANTIS

by Yevgen SHATKO

from the magazine SIBIRIA

On my friend's birthday his wife telephoned me and said with some embarrassment:

"I just wanted to warn you. Of course, you can give him what you like, but at the moment Felix is collecting only rare objects, so don't bother spending money on, oh, crystal, things like that"

"Not porcelain?" I asked timidly.

"Who do you take us for? I mean something old, something extraordinary, like an exceptional branch of some abnormal tree, or a crude, unpolished rare stone, or maybe the tibial bone of some prehistoric animal."

"Does it have to be the tibial?" I inquired. "What about a knee cap?"

"That would do as long as it's extinct."

I heaved a sigh and promised: "I'll try to find something crude or at least extinct."

Nonetheless, I felt impelled to drop into a gift shop where I was horrified by the polished, lacquered and gold objects.

To cut it short, by the evening I was in despair and on top of everything my five-year-old son arrived with a piece of his fur coat in one hand and a piece of fresh asphalt in the other, determined to take the latter to bed with him.

Partly through cunning, partly through using the full weight of my parental authority, I finally managed to get both objects out

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### PHOTO OF THE MONTH

Gyuzel Apanova, soloist of the Moiseyev dancers.

Photograph by Vadik MALYSHEV

of his clutches and into my pocket

I arrived last at the birthday party, hoping to hide myself in a corner somewhere, but my friend's wife and he loudly introduced me to the rest of the

guests, after which everyone gazed at me expectantly I realised that I was lost and in a sort of daze plunged my hand into a pocket and came up with the piece of asphalt which I put on the table



A dead silence descended on the gathering and I understood it was time for me to go and look for my coat.

Felix grabbed the piece of asphalt, but instead of chucking it at my head he hoarsely exclaimed:

"Fresh lava?! From the new volcano on Kamchatka? No? Why, has Popocatepetl started up?"

"Poco — sorry — Popocatepetl isn't working," I said, "I'll give you some lava yet."

"Don't torture me," Felix begged, sniffing at the asphalt and giving it a tentative lick. "Don't torture me! Could it be that it's not from our planet?"

I got fed up.

"It's from ours all right. And if you really want to know, it's asphalt."

"How many thousands years old?" Felix asked in a trembling voice.

"When did Atlantis founder?" I asked carelessly. "Was it 25,000 years ago? This is the last piece. A memento of the hoary past, so to say . . ."

Felix raised his piece over the table. He was shaken

"All for me?"

"All!" I said. "Of course, museums throughout the world will want it. You can create a furor in archaeology, geology, not to mention Atlantisology!"

The guests enviously buzzed while one of them, who had brought a box of chocolates for a present, muttered:

"Aren't you being a little sensational?"

"Sensational?" I repeated cuttingly. "So then, without sensation," and I pulled out the bit of fur from my son's coat and waved it in the air.

"Old man, this is too much," Felix said brokenly

I threw the scrap on the table and announced:

"Part of a zebra. One stripe I'll get you a second one."

"Unhealthy sensationalism!" the guest who had given the chocolates stubbornly insisted.

I thought otherwise . . . For Felix's next birthday I would come up with something even more mysterious I recalled how my son had told me that in the corner of the yard, by the fence, there was something glittering that had been there for a long time and did not rust . . . Maybe it was from out there? From another world?

## A SHOWER OF NIGHTINGALES

A cruise ship sailing from Yalta to Sochi ran into a storm. All of a sudden strange little dark lumps started raining down on the deck. To the astonishment of all, the lumps turned out to be birds.

"Nightingales?" a woman said disbelievingly.

Passengers began to rescue the birds, risking being washed overboard in the storm. They took them to their cabins to warm them and dry out their feathers but the birds lay still, eyes glazed. It became obvious they were exhausted and starving.

What do nightingales eat? Books in the library were of no help.

Somebody said insects would do. But there were neither flies nor cockroaches on board ship. A woman recollected that once she had fed a swallow fledgling with boiled egg white. Someone else remembered that birds of passage eat verdure in spring.

It was decided to prepare a nightingale salad. With the permission of the manager of the restaurant the flowers on the tables were stripped of their green leaves and the chef prepared a salad. But the birds would not touch it. Then it was the doctors' turn to try to save the birds. One of the tourists, a professor, converted his de luxe cabin into a first-aid post. He called a meeting of all medical personnel on board. The ship's doctor, two surgeons, a dentist and an oculist turned up. Collective farm poultry-maids who were on the cruise were also invited.

It was decided to try glucose and caffeine injections made with an ordinary syringe.

It was the equivalent of injecting a person with a needle a metre and a half long, but there was no alternative. Out of the 20 dying birds, 15 were saved.

What was the reason for the accumulation of so many nightingales? Most probably a natural calamity of some type.

By morning the storm abated. At the port of Sochi there was no mooring space immediately available for the ship as she arrived behind schedule. The captain sent a message: "Unable to wait. Have migratory birds aboard. They are starving and might die."

The reply came immediately—"As an exception you may use the freighter pier."

One after another the birds rose into the air. Never before have there been so many nightingales in the parks of Sochi as this year.

FROM PRAVDA

## ARMENIAN SPECIALTIES

### LAMB WITH DRIED APRICOTS

(serves 4)

- 1½ lb lamb
- 3 onions
- 4 Tbs cooking oil
- 2 Tbs tomato paste
- 7 oz dried apricots
- salt, pepper, parsley to taste

Slice lamb into small pieces, place in pan and cover with boiling water, cook over low flame for one hour, skim periodically. Strain the liquid and fry the meat. Add to it fried onions, tomato paste, the apricots (which have previously been soaked), salt, pepper. Then, pour in no more than one cup of the strained liquid, stew until done — approximately 1 to 1½ hours.

Serve sprinkled with parsley.

### TOLMA

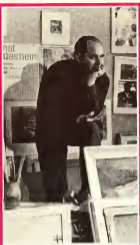
(serves 4)

- ¾ lb lamb
- 8-10 large onions
- ½ Tbs boiled rice
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbs butter
- 2 oz sour plums
- 2 Tbs tomato paste
- salt, pepper, dill weed or parsley to taste
- stock as required

Mince meat, two onions, greens. Salt, pepper and fry in butter for 5 minutes. Add rice, egg, and mix. Peel the onions, take a thin slice off the bottom, place in boiling water and cook for 2 or 3 minutes, then drain well. Take layers apart and fill each with the filling, place in pot, add the plums, fried tomato paste, stock cover and stew for 15-20 minutes over low flame.

Pour gravy over each serving.





# THE COLOURS OF LIFE

*On the Work of  
Azerbaijani Artist  
Mikail Abdullayev*

by Elmira ALIYEVA  
from *IZVESTIA*

Photographs by A. RAKHIL  
and A. SVEROLOV

In the spacious studio of Mikail Abdullayev you screw up your eyes even on a cloudy day — his canvases radiate so much light and sun. This artist sings a glorious psalm to the strong and yet gentle parson to the Azerbaijan. His paintings, if one can so express it, humanise nature, bring it closer to man, to the people, to the national character. As the old saying goes, a multitude of faces shapes the face of a people. In Abdullayev's works, the hundreds of faces and scenes of everyday life present a picture of contemporary Azerbaijan.

Abdullayev's career as an artist began in the Baku Art School. On his teachers' advice, Mikail sent his best pictures to the Moscow Sunikov Institute. Shortly, its director, Igor Grabar, a well-known Soviet artist, summoned this gifted youth for competitive exams in Moscow. In the institute Abdullayev mastered the wealth of the Russian school of painting, yet he remained a profoundly national artist.

In 1940, noting the achievements of the institute's youth, Grabar, in an article entitled *Our New Generation*, wrote: "Without risking failure, students Gregoryev and Abdullayev can well display their works beside those of well-known artists in our big spring and autumn exhibitions."

Now, a Member of the USSR Academy of Arts and a People's Artist of the USSR, Abdullayev is known to the entire country.

His favourite subjects are scenes of peaceful life and creation and portraits of toiling people. The heroes of his canvases show no dramatism or tension. His pictures are full of philosophical reflections about the destinies of his people. When he achieved creative maturity he turned more and more often to the subject of the Azerbaijanian woman — a woman of the East, whom the October revolution has made equal to man. In his canvases *The Youth of Mothers*, *Lullaby*, *Rice-grower Girls*, *Girls of Massalia*, *The*

\* Capital of the Azerbaijan Republic

"Rice-grower Girls",  
1970.



"Ashug Alesker",  
1970.



"Little Jami",  
1965.



"In far-off Jaipur" (from the cycle "Indian Suite"), 1958.



"Portrait of Renato Guttuso", 1969.

Woman Collective Farmer of Lenkoran", this master of the brush warmly and tenderly conveys the beauty of a girl, the charm of motherhood, the satisfactions of farm work.

A place of importance among his works is held by portraits. In the Rome studio of Renato Guttuso, Abdullayev painted a water-colour study for a big portrait of this Italian communist artist. On this study Guttuso wrote words of gratitude and admiration. This work opened up

Abdullayev's gallery of psychological portraits, which are full of inspiration, artistic virtuosity and love of man. These include "Ashug Alesker", "Saryan", "The Girls of Ajanta", "In Apscheron".

The artist does a lot of travelling. He has created dozens of canvases based upon first-hand impressions from his trip to India. "In India," says Abdullayev, "I barely had to change my Azerbaïjanian palette. I was surrounded by equally warm, earthy

"Still-life with Pomegranates", 1965.



colours and an equally rhythmic structure of the colour, which creates a customary harmony for me I could not help noting the similarity of the Indian woman to our Azerbaijanian woman."

"Bengali Girls", "Back from Work", "Women of Rajasthan" and "Little Chandra" compose a colourful, truthful "Indian Suite", which, in 1970, earned the artist the international Jawaharlal Nehru Prize. "It is the first time I have come across such sincere and masterly works dedicated to my

country. They are infinitely dear to me as an Indian," wrote an Indian guest in the USSR in the visitors' book at an exhibition where the artist's works were on show.

Abdullayev is a remarkably wide-ranging artist, with well-known graphic drawings and book illustrations to his credit. He also designs interesting operatic and ballet sets. Abdullayev is an important public figure, being deputy chairman of his republic's Supreme Soviet and secretary of the Board of the USSR Artists' Union.

"Mountain Lake", 1964.



# MEASURING COMPLEXITY

by Mikail ABDULLAYEV, People's Artist of the USSR  
from the newspaper SOVIETSKAYA KULTURA

Shouldn't modern art be as modern as nuclear physics, as modern as space travel? And yet — and yet Nike of Samothrace, the Winged Victory — a contemporary of Archimedes' law, flies gloriously through the centuries. Art has its timeless foundations. There is the beauty of the world, the beauty of man, the beauty of human deeds. And there is the beauty of the sunrise over our Oil Rocks, with the crimson light streaming over the Caspian waters and the silhouettes of steel

stockades pervaded with the colours of dawn. This modern beauty says a great deal to the modern man! I will never agree that our age must be presented through art formulas that are as distinct from those of Nike of Samothrace as the laws of contemporary science are from the laws of Archimedes.

I have travelled in many lands and seen the greatest creations of the old masters in celebrated museums. In Venice's Biennale, however, I shudder

ed when I saw to what depths the modern art that proclaims "atomic age" programmes has sunk I tried to compare, though it was incomparable, and to understand. All I grasped amid the chaos and formlessness of what is referred to as "atomic age" art was one thing — man who is stupefied under the onslaught of hosts of machines, mechanisms, structures and blueprints, enmeshed in integrals, laser beams and concatenations of radars, racing along with streams of cosmic radiation. If one succumbs to this concept, man is through in art. But no. Over and above the overwhelming dynamics which threaten to dissolve man and carry him away, the smile of Yuri Gagarin, the world's first cosmonaut, can be seen, the smile that has endeared this Soviet lad to people all over the world. Similar images provide the key to everything and bring to the fore the best and most important which now exists in man, in humanity, in the world that now belongs to us. I think that the newest, broadest and most abstract concepts can be expressed in art by earthly colours, full of warmth and sincerity, joy and pain, the wrath and delight of the human soul.

The present world is like a powerful Beethoven symphony in which every-

thing can be heard: inspiration and alarm, triumphs and expectations. There is no justification for art's imaginary powerlessness to portray modern life in the face of this integral symphony of the world. Indeed, the world is complex. But, however complex it is, art must be measured by the measure of man. Art needs, above all, noble characters and great human natures — natures and characters as an expression of the ethical and philosophical views of their age. They only have to be discovered.

In particular, I would like to make one observation on the role of the subject in a picture. After all, Renaissance art was a literary art. Were not Giotto's Judas Kiss or Rembrandt's Prodigal Son literary pieces? What is important is the form, the scale of interpretation of the subject. Plot has for centuries served the artist in expressing the world and is now capable of expressing the breadth of characters, of historic and social concepts, the horizons of our epoch viewed from the greatest of heights.

However vast and grand, however complex the contemporary world is, its centre is man, who represents the greatness, boldness and complexity of his age. Man can do everything, and so can art — through man.

# PUPPETEERS ARE BORN, NOT MADE...

by Yuri ZARUBIN

from "Isle  
by Vladimir YAKOVLEV

People's Artist of the Russian Federation, Zinovi Gerdt, is now absolutely sure of that... However, he came to this opinion not at once.

Zinovi Gerdt making friends with a future stage lead. The actor believes that a "feeling" for puppets is the main thing in his profession.

Photograph by Alexander LYSKIN



The eleven operations he had undergone helped only partially. His leg had been amputated, but he could not bend it at the knee. Yet he was a born actor, and dreamed of the stage since childhood, before the war had finished a drama studio, and even as he lay on his hospital bed he could not bear to part with his cherished ambition. . . . Zinovi Gerdt, former commander of a Guards Sapper Company, does not like recalling the bitter battle near Belgorod in August 1943, in which he received that terrible wound.

Later, during the long months of being shifted from hospital to hospital, he had plenty of time to think things over, to plan how to go on living. Gerdt decided to return to acting, but to act behind a screen, to be an actor invisible to his audience.

The year the war ended, he was discharged from hospital. Trying not to limp too much, he appeared for an audition before Sergei Obraztsov, director of the Puppet Theatre in Moscow.

Sergei Obraztsov's puppeteers were creating a new repertoire in those years, establishing themselves in the artistic world. They had the fortunate idea of mounting a satirical production for adults, hoping that it might make people who were exhausted by the war, laugh. They called their production *An Unusual Concert*. It was a funny and pointed parody of a variety show.

"I contributed quite a bit to this concert," Zinovi Gerdt recalls. "I was young, I was in love with acting, I had an enormous desire to work, and a certain amount of experience."

*An Unusual Concert* had its premiere in 1946, and is now in its 27th season. It goes without saying that the script has been rewritten again and again, otherwise the production would lose its actuality and sharpness, but the idea remains unchanged.

I asked Zinovi Gerdt to tell me briefly what, to his mind, a dramatic

actor and a puppeteer had in common, and what differences existed in their work.

"A puppet theatre actor must first of all be a good actor! As for the specifics of his work, he must have a special quality: a feeling for puppets. Some fine actors come to us from drama theatres, trying to get the hang of this genre. But frankly speaking, they seldom succeed. For some the most difficult thing is to deny themselves the pleasure of acting in full view of the audience."

Zinovi Gerdt is quite sure that vanity and the puppet theatre are not compatible. The actor is hidden behind a screen, he wears working clothes, his colleagues work closely by his side. The team spirit is inherent in the puppeteer, it arises from the nature of the profession.

"Let's say I am the master-of-ceremonies in *An Unusual Concert*," he said to me. "My puppet is a big object weighing some six kilograms. It has a large head and body and arms. I hold its framework on a special support. I manipulate its mouth, I make it speak, I make it turn. I simply haven't enough hands to make my puppet gesture. Nina Tabakova, an actress, controls the puppet's arms."

During performances Gerdt sometimes deviates from his set text. Someone in the audience might laugh a little too loudly — his puppet will then look that way, or even address himself to the lady in the sixth row. And though Nana Tabakova has no foreknowledge of this, she instinctively senses everything. "It is as though we have a single blood circulation system," Zinovi Gerdt said.

In the course of the interview Gerdt referred to the mutual relations between the actors several times. He spoke with great warmth about his comrades — of Speransky, who is modest to a fault and who is the

author of over a dozen plays, of Samodur's rare gift as a comedian, and of Sergei Obraztsov, their director, as enthusiastic about puppets as a child.

A sense of responsibility for a production or performance is ingrained in each one of the actors of the Puppet Theatre, almost to the point of a cult. Their attitude to work stems from their love of what they are doing, from their striving to plant the seeds of goodness and justice. The desire to instill these qualities in people is felt equally whether the plays are for children or adults. It should be remembered that to mount a performance for children is not the slightest bit easier than for adults. When asked to compose a "little poem" Samael Marshak once wisely remarked: "They ask me to write a little poem as if it is easier to make a little watch rather than a big clock!"

Sergei Obraztsov's puppeteers are well known outside the Soviet Union. They have visited France, Britain, the USA, Poland, Federal Republic of Germany and many other countries. They appeared at the Munich Theatre in Leopoldstrasse as part of the International Arts Festival while the Olympic Games were in progress, and the local press referred to their performances as to the "absolute high point" of the festival. The amazing rapport invariably created between the audience and the Obraztsov puppets was established in Munich as wisely as in Moscow.

Gerdt was torn by contradictory

feelings when the curtain was raised: his memories of the war, his wound which troubled him so much he had been forced to take to his crutches again, and . . . the enthusiastic response to each of his witty repartees from the hall filled with Germans. The success which invariably accompanies Obraztsov's puppet shows here was beyond all comparison.

It should be noted that performances of *An Unusual Concert* in foreign countries are always conducted in the language of the country. Zinovi Gerdt normally arrives a week ahead of the rest of the troupe and writes the remarks of his m.c. on the spot, trying to make them topical and biting.

The actor considers his life's work to be in the theatre, but he has also appeared in nearly 30 films in which he has painted an impressive gallery of characters whom we love and remember. He has also dubbed many foreign films in Russian.

The more famous an actor becomes the more rarely he risks his name and career. One often hears: "No, I'm not filming just now, I'm waiting for an interesting role." Gerdt is not afraid to risk his name. We often see him in a small part which becomes memorable and significant by virtue of his sensitive interpretation. He also somehow finds time to write — he has written a number of scenarios for documentary films. But whatever interests may occupy Zinovi Gerdt at times, he invariably returns to his theatre, to his beloved puppets.

### "MAGNETIZED" SEEDS

A unit for magnetic treatment of seeds has been designed in Georgia. Wheat and maize seeds which are kept for some time in a magnetic field produce good crops, as agricultural cooperatives have proved in practice. Specialists discovered that the yield of seeds depends on the frequency of the magnetic field which is selected for each type of seeds through experiments.

From the newspaper ZARYA VOSTOKA (Tbilisi)

# Letters to the Editor

(Continued from p. 3)

ageded stand is clearly showing that it supports nighting military governments.

I can only congratulate the Soviet Union for the news that it has taken and resolve your soccer team by saying I think they would have soon.

Gail Loré, Lakemba, Australia

## "MELODY"

What records and how many are released in the USSR?

Norbert Gayle, Eisenhüttenstadt,  
German Democratic Republic

Records produced by the Soviet firm **Melody** are sold in 72 countries throughout the world. This modern enterprise unites seven recording studios in the biggest cities in the country and four plants — in Moscow, Leningrad, Riga and Tashkent. Altogether, **Melody** produces over 170 million discs a year. In 1975 the figure is expected to go up to 210 million. Moreover, stereo records are getting special attention: their production is to be raised to 12.5 million.

A wide selection of Soviet records was put on display at the last World Expo in Osaka and enjoyed great favour. Many Soviet recordings — Mousorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov", Shostakovich's "Katerina Izmailova", all of Prokofiev's symphonies — have won awards for excellence from the Charles Cros Academy of Recordings and at many international competitions and festivals.

Today record production is a powerful industry in the Soviet Union.

**Melody** releases discs in over 70 languages of the peoples of the USSR and foreign countries, it produces 11 million records intended as teaching aids.

Due to the painstaking work of Soviet specialists, millions of people in the world can listen to the living voice of the leader of the revolution, V. Lenin. Eight of his speeches have been produced in mass releases. The work on the restoration of Lenin's recordings continues.

A considerable role is played in **Melody**'s production by literary and dramatic works by Russian and Soviet writers. Music lovers can obtain most of the symphonic, operatic and chamber compositions of Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Bach, Glinka, Brahms, Borodin, Prokofiev and Shostakovich as performed by top Soviet musicians.

Fans of Soviet songs and popular tunes have enjoyed such releases as "Dance Music Orchestras", "Musical Mosaic", "Guests of Moscow", "Screen Melodies", etc.

**Melody** introduces the music of all the national republics of the USSR to listeners. For those who wish to learn Russian, there is a special recorded course in the language — for native speakers of English, French, German, Japanese, etc.

Comparing Soviet records to those of other companies, the British magazine **Records and Recording** wrote that the discs produced by **Melody** have great richness of sound united with

a wonderful quality of "being there". The reverberation characteristic of Russian recordings did not hurt the purity of sound, the magazine continued, and the recordings are excellent in all respects.

## LITERARY QUESTIONS

Chinghir Altshuler's article in the December 1973 issue entitled "Progressive Trends in Literature" as the best material I have read on modern literature. A person who thinks *novels* and *novels* thus, undoubtedly belongs to a people of high culture, a culture not burdened by the negative phenomena typical of the western world.

The author writes very perceptively about the struggle for social progress and the fact that recovering the heritage of socialism is the task of all mankind and a problem of world literature. The same applies to his statements on brotherhood and internationalism. His warnings about excess rationalism and pragmatism as an end in themselves have great significance. I am in complete agreement.

The affirmation of socialist realism as a progressive method in art is, I believe, the only correct way to resolve social, moral and human problems.

Stelma Hahn, Remscheid,  
Federal Republic of Germany

## UNFORGETTABLE DAYS

Each year our school organises a trip somewhere. Last summer we went abroad for the first time — to the Soviet Union. Our group left August 3. The next day we crossed the border and with great excitement and happiness set foot on Soviet soil. Our initial impression was of the Soviet people we met. They greeted us with great warmth and sincerity.

Our first stop on the journey was Kishinev.

capital of the Moldavian republic. It is a very beautiful city. During World War II it was almost completely destroyed. Now it has been rebuilt through the efforts of the Soviet people.

Then we travelled to the port of *Ilyichensk* on the Black Sea — a city of youth, sun and sea. This town appeared on the map only recently. Within a short period of time *Ilyichensk* has become one of the main ports in the Soviet Union. With every passing day its international ties widen. The central part of the town — Lenin Street and Labour Square — created a very favourable impression in *Ilyichensk* there are big shop repair yards which can handle big tractors and tractors with complex power installations.

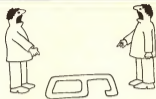
Our next stop was Odessa, an ancient and new architecture is harmoniously combined. Bright buildings, cleanliness are the main features of Odessa, a city of seamen and musicians, students, artists and scientists. The Odessa Opera and Ballet Theatre is one of the most beautiful theatres in the world. Not far from it is a naval museum where we became acquainted with the history of the Soviet fleet. From its first vessels to the latest *The Potemkin* Stars the marvellous architectural ensembles, the chestnut trees on the boulevards, the Taras Shevchenko Park the monuments to Lenin, Marx, Pushkin — all this gives the city its unique flavour, a sort of holyday aspect.

We finally came the day of departure. Returning to Kishinev we said goodbye to our wonderful guide — Sergei, who accompanied us during our stay in the Soviet Union. When we reached across the border we had missed *baggage* — of happiness at coming home and sadness at leaving the Soviet Union. We had a wonderful trip and from the bottom of our hearts we thank our Russian-language teacher, Adrian Pop, who was the initiator and organiser of the journey.

I will never forget those wonderful days!

Letitia Crisan, Zeflu, Romania

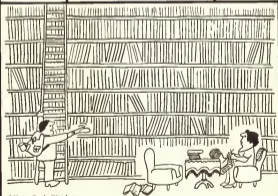
Dear readers, we'd like your  
comments and suggestions



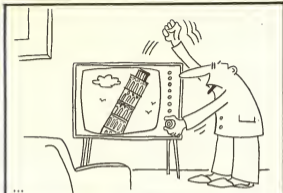
*Different Points of View*

Not to be  
taken seriously

Drawings from the  
magazines AURORA  
and SMENA



*Off to Seek Wisdom*



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*Not bad. I guess we'll  
find a spot for you*

I had often seen Olympic and European champion Vyacheslav Lemeshev in the ring — both from a ringside seat and on television. But I wanted to meet him personally.

For a start I looked up a man who has known him for a long time — Yuri Radonyak, senior boxing coach of the USSR national team and Lemeshev's trainer.

Radonyak's story was absolutely essential, not only because it enabled me to look at the middleweight Olympic titleholder through the eyes of a man who is in daily contact with him, but also because Vyacheslav himself is extremely taciturn.

Lemeshev agreed to meet me at the Soviet Army Palace of Sports. He was easy to recognise by his blood-brush moustache. He is tall, youthfully slender, his body is supple.

Radonyak: "Who knows where he gets his flair from? He seems to see, sense and anticipate his opponent's every move. I don't believe there's an amateur boxer in the world today who isn't a little scared of Lemeshev, especially his famous right."

Many boxing fans knew that this right was injured during the European Championships in Belgrade and on Lemeshev's return home his friends who wished to congratulate him on his gold medal had to forgo shaking hands.

"What happened to your hand?"

"I damaged it in my first bout."

Vyacheslav showed his hand, the back of his wrist was badly swollen.

Radonyak: "He injured his right hand back in Munich, actually, at the

# RING CHAMPION

by Lev LEBEDEV

From the magazine GIGANTYOK





Olympic Games, but not seriously. So he thought it would clear up quickly."

"I could hardly pull my glove on," Vyacheslav commented about Belgrade.

"It made winning very difficult?"  
"Harder than at the Olympics. In Munich I was in good form, but in Yugoslavia..."

**Radonyak:** "Vyacheslav was ready for the Olympics. He's very hard-working, he trains long and seriously. He rehearses a bout with his unseen opponent down to the last detail."

"Which fight did you find the toughest in Belgrade?"

"The one with the Romanian, Nestac. The final bout. The Romanian boxers are a serious lot. And of course Nestac knew that my right hand left something to be desired. In the first round I was knocked down."

"But in the third round you used your right to good advantage. Had the pain gone?"

"On the contrary, the pain-killer shot was wearing off."

"But you decided to win at any cost?"

"Well, I'd say I wanted to win very much."

**Radonyak:** "Vyacheslav is a different man in the ring, though he keeps cool and calm at all times. He second-guesses his opponent, anticipates his every move and finally catches him with that right. That's what happened in the decisive bout with Nestac. He threw that hurt hand in the third round and scored a knockout."

"How do you explain the power of

your right?" I asked Lemeshev.

"I don't think it can be explained in words. It's probably a matter of correct timing."

**Radonyak:** "Lemeshev can judge distance down to a millimetre, practically. Not only does he have a powerful right, but he utilises the other fellow's forward motion. And his reactions are instantaneous. Even though everybody knows now that his best punch is his right, he still manages to use it effectively and rarely misses."

Lemeshev has had 104 fights and won 98 of them.

"Which was your hardest fight?" I asked.

"I think with the American, Johnson, in Yerevan."

**Radonyak:** "The Armenian capital was host to a tournament between US and Soviet boxers and the bout between Lemeshev and Johnson was among the most stubbornly fought. At that time Slava couldn't find the key to Johnson's defence and he lost."

Until the moment that the referee actually raised Johnson's hand, the American boxer was not at all certain that he had won in token of his respect for Lemeshev's abilities, he presented the Soviet boxer with his own championship medal of the Pan-American Games. However, the two boxers were destined to meet again at the Olympics.

**Radonyak:** "Before Munich, Vyacheslav prepared himself for Johnson's style and to good purpose. Johnson eliminated one opponent after another

at the Olympic and then came the Johnson-Lemeshev bout. It seemed to me that the American appeared confident of victory, yet Lemeshev won and moreover by a knockout."

That semi-final between Lemeshev and Johnson in Munich vividly illuminates Lemeshev's character. In Germany, Nestac lost to the Cuban, Montoya, and Montoya in turn, to Johnson.

Lemeshev fought the very strong boxer Montoya in Cuba.

"It was like running into a tank," Vyacheslav recalls.

**Radonyak:** "I think a lot of people believed that Montoya would knock out Lemeshev. Vyacheslav doesn't look strong, whereas Montoya is the incarnation of power. However, Montoya was the one knocked out."

Lemeshev's non-boxerlike appearance has deceived many experts. The first to spot his potential was Trud sports society boxing coach Lev Segalovich. The Merited Master of Sports and Merited Trainer of the USSR jokingly calls himself the Lemeshev family coach. Vyacheslav's older brothers, Yevgeni and Yuri, both boxed under Segalovich's tutelage and both became Masters of Sports. They brought the future Olympic champion to their coach when the boy was 14 years old.

**Radonyak:** "Vyacheslav became USSR junior champ in 1969. I remember when Segalovich first suggested I take a look at his boy. He created an odd impression: height — 187 centimetres, weight — only 71 kilograms. His defence was unorthodox

but he was hard to hit. I sparred with him and discovered a powerful right hand. In 1970 Lemeshev won the European junior title. But of course the real test lay ahead — boxing against adults. At the USSR championships when he came up against Tolkov, I threw in the towel in the second round — there was no point taking a chance. Tolkov was obviously the stronger fighter."

Indeed, Lemeshev has had his setbacks, but they never got him down. The last time he was defeated was at the USSR Spartakiade in 1971.

"Perhaps holding the Olympic title helps you to win?"

"On the contrary," he replied. He is right, of course. Every opponent wants to beat the reigning champion and comes up with his best effort.

**Radonyak:** "The Olympic title does increase the pressure. You feel a heightened obligation. Everyone expects Lemeshev to win by a knockout. Yet before the Olympic Games some people said, 'What kind of a boxer is he? Why include him on the team?' The whole thing is that in training sessions Slava does not hit hard. And his style bothers many. That's the way he is, different from others."

There is no doubt that today junior Lieutenant Vyacheslav Lemeshev is one of the Soviet Union's top boxers, Segalovich believes, for instance, that he can repeat Boris Lagutin's record — become a two-time Olympic winner — or maybe even the Hungarian Laszlo Papp's — triple gold medalist.

Vyacheslav Lemeshev with his wife Ozana.



# How Are You Feeling, DIESEL?

by Leonid POLYAKOVSKY, M.S. (Engineering), senior instructor at the Moscow Bauman Higher Technical School and winner of the Komsomol Prize for his new method of measuring the wear on marine engines at sea.

From the magazine YUNOST

## Diagnosis of the Iron Heart

It was an unforgettable voyage. Properly speaking, for our hosts — the sailors of the refrigerator trawler *Saigbir* — it was quite ordinary. The distance was not too long — some 7,000 miles, we sailed from Sevastopol to the African port of Walvis Bay. To them this was a routine affair. But for us...

Can the heart tell — each minute of each day — the story of how it wears out due to its continuous work? This is how the question to which we were supposed to provide an answer could perhaps be formulated. True enough, we were interested in an iron heart — the diesel engine of a ship

Though our problem was not a medical one, scientists have long been using a medical term — 'diagnosing' — in this case.

Our job aboard that trawler was to test a new diagnosing technique — a radioactive method involving the use of tracer atoms. Preliminary data suggested that it would be considerably more effective than any previous procedure.

In the past, engineers estimated the wear and tear on machine parts and units like doctor who does not know what an electrocardiogramme is and can judge the state of his 'patient' only by opening his chest and inspecting his heart.



The guests on board the trawler cannot escape the traditional "christening" ceremony on crossing the equator (left). The voyage is over and back to the lab. At right, Leonid Polyakovsky discusses some of the results of his investigations with a colleague.



The manne diesel is a sophisticated structure with a host of constantly moving parts. The moment one of them goes even slightly out of order, the vessel's entire powerful heart is threatened by paralysis.

Assessing the wear on an engine requires taking it apart. All units must be inspected and essential measurements made. But how can this be done while the ship is at sea? In order to keep the vessel running smoothly, a precise schedule is drawn up in advance indicating when, in how many hours, oil has to be changed and some part or other replaced. It can be quite "healthy" and capable of operating for many more hours and still it

is removed. Well and if some part fails to run its allotted time due to some invisible defect, then the ship is in for trouble.

We wanted to obtain something akin to a cardiogramme in order to find out how the engine was functioning and if everything was all right.

## The Diesel Poses Problems

We ran into the first puzzle before we sailed. The engine was not yet running but the instruments were already registering wear! True enough in a small way — only one micron. Still, there it was.

What was the reason? We checked

everything carefully in an effort to discover possible errors but found nothing. At dinner in the messroom, Nikolai Alexandrov, senior engineer, casually asked the second engineer, who was in charge of the main diesel:

'Are the shafts correctly aligned?'

'Yes, we did some 20 turns.'

I almost jumped: could it be that these manual turns of the engine had produced that one-micron wear recorded by our instruments?

On that day I myself did 20 turns by hand to test my theory. The instruments showed that the wear had risen by another 0.5 micron. I made another 20 revolutions with the same result — no more wear was indicated.

This meant that the procedure of continual wear measurement had to be adjusted by taking into consideration the number of manual turns made before the engine was started.

Step by step, we explored our diesel. I am not exaggerating or trying to "spiritualise" our machine, but each engine really has its own unique character, which appreciably affects its behaviour in general and its wear in particular.

Our engine vigorously exhibited its 'individuality' when the ship was caught in a storm off the Canaries. And when fishing began, its wear due to extra loads jumped sharply.

Several days passed, and the process persisted. Why? That was another

puzzle. But we discovered the reason soon enough: the oil had got dirty. We replaced the oil — almost 250 hours before schedule — and the diesel felt fine again.

Thus arose the technique of uninterrupted measurement of engine wear. It took us a long time to solve this important and difficult task. I first tackled the problem of wear back when I was in my fifth year at the institute. I was then working under Professor Vladimir Postnikov. He interested me in this exciting subject.

#### "Sensitivity" of Technical Equipment?

Wear is an ancient problem. Everything man uses is subject to wear. Within certain limits wear and tear on some article or other presents no great problem to man. But sooner or later comes the critical moment when shoes have to be thrown out and the vessel taken to the repair dock. In the latter case it is vitally important not to miss this critical moment.

Scientists have established the general laws governing the wear on two friction surfaces — we call them 'pair'. Any newly assembled 'pair' registers a higher rate of wear. Later, the process becomes stabilised. This stabilisation lasts until the moment of critical wear.

It must be noted that the engine can also sustain wear when it is not in operation. This is known as corrosive wear (more simply the metal rusts). On the other hand, under certain con-

ditions the engine can run without sustaining wear for a time.

It has been discovered, for instance, that starting the engine produces the same degree of wear as five or six hours' operation. That is why a motor car driven in the city with its numerous traffic lights registers 20 to 30 per cent greater wear than a car on the highway.

In a word, the requirements of life gave rise to the science of wear. Like any field, it has many directions. They all involve tests which unfortunately, until now have taken an inordinate length of time and labour, and at the same time have been unreliable. It was inevitable that new testing techniques would be developed and they were, utilising radioactive isotopes and ionising radiations.

#### Atomic Diagnosing

The diagnosing atom works approximately as follows. Each friction surface is activated by being impregnated with radioactive isotopes. As the engine runs, they become detached from the part together with particles of metal. Getting into the lubricants the isotopes increase their radioactivity. Special devices determine how fast radioactivity rises in the oil system — that is the rate of wear! In this process the engine does not have to be taken apart or even stopped. The tests take one-tenth the time and the economic efficiency is 20-25 times greater.

The use of isotopes will make it possible to solve the important problem of prolonging the machines' life. This would seem to be a fine thing. But in reality everything is much more complicated. First, the personnel must be safely protected from radiation — especially equipped laboratories are required. Secondly, sometimes situations arise which simply cannot be foreseen in the conditions of a laboratory.

Professor Postnikov developed a new method of superficial — not deep — metal activation, which does not exceed the radioactivity of the luminous face of a watch. At last, it became possible to diagnose the engine in its working condition!

#### No Theory Without Practice

When I graduated from the Higher Technical School I was offered a diesel-repairing job with the whaling fleet. I agreed, but on one condition: that I would first be allowed to work as a fitter, not an engineer. My request was granted.

The team to which I was assigned consisted of first-class masters of their jobs. And I, though a college graduate, had a long way to go before I became a real mechanical engineer. The workers liked the fact that I was a Master of Sports in boxing in the light-heavyweight category... But being a Master of Sports is one thing and being good at your job is something else.

again. As for supervising people — you can't learn that in any institute.

For a start, the team-leader gave me the dirtiest job — to clean the exhaust manifold and a diesel crankcase. I did the manifold quickly enough. Then I climbed waist-deep into the crankcase, examined it, cleaned it and finally, reached the crankshaft in order to prepare it for repairs as instructed by the team-leader.

I made the essential measurements and found out that the wear was within permissible limits. Did this mean that the shaft did not have to be ground? But it was not so simple as all that: the diesel's crankshaft is not repaired when it is "necessary". It is repaired after the passage of a certain number of running hours: there is no saying when, exactly, repairs will become unavoidable. That was how, on the job, I became involved with the wear testing problem.

Much later, in Moscow, I ran into Professor Postnikov. He inquired about the work I was doing and then suggested that I return to my old subject, which now interested me a great deal.

That was how I went back to the Higher Technical School — this time as an instructor and researcher. After several years' work I earned a Master's Degree in Engineering.



Recently I was on a long business trip to the United States, where I took part in joint Soviet-American investigations. Our US colleagues displayed much interest in our methods. We plan to continue our fruitful cooperation.

Now we are probing into new aspects of the same theme, very interesting ones, I think. Above all, I am preoccupied with methods of long-distance wear control. It is possible that in the near future our idea will find application in cosmonautics, in which it is vital to keep an eye on the working capacity of automatic interplanetary stations, moon-cars and other apparatuses: the rigorous environment of space demands steady, precise information on the "safety margin" available.

Naturally, back on earth, it is just as important to watch over the "health" of mechanisms and machines from afar. Aboard the motorship *A. S. Popov* there is already an operating unit with a programmed task: it automatically records the engine's wear, and all data come directly to the senior engineer's control panel.

In short, our method is opening up fascinating prospects for active control over wear, or in other words, a possibility to combat the "senility" of engineering equipment with still greater success.



## NATURE PROTECTION MEANS PAINSTAKING DAILY EFFORTS

Problems of nature protection in the largest Soviet republic — the Russian Federation — are discussed by Nikolai Vasilyev, First Deputy Prime-Minister, and Nikolai Ovsyannikov, Deputy Minister of Land Reclamation and Water Conservancy, who is also chairman of the All-Russian Nature Conservation Society.

*From an interview in LIFSRATURNAYA GAZETA*

**CORRESPONDENT:** What is being done in the field of nature protection in the Russian Federation?

**VASILYEV:** You cannot separate the efforts of our republic from the consistent, regular

nature protection work that is carried out across the country. We all take an integral approach to the utilisation of natural resources.

A great deal has been done in this direction in recent times.

This includes government decisions on rational utilisation and protection of nature in the basins of the Volga and the Ural, Lake Baikal and the Caspian Sea, integrated CMEA biosphere programmes, decrees of the Soviet Union's Supreme Soviet, the Central Committee of the Communist Party and the government on intensification of nature protection and better utilisation of natural resources.

OVSYANNIKOV: In 1971 the Fifth Congress of the All-Russian Nature Conservation Society took place, which was attended by representatives of all the 15 Union republics.

VASILYEV: Our main concern is presently operating industrial enterprises. We aren't worried about the new ones - now no new Soviet industrial enterprise goes into operation until its cleaning installations are ready.

OVSYANNIKOV: Control over the operation of cleaning installations has been assigned to the Russian Federation's Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Conservancy. The state commis-

sions which accept each new enterprise include representatives of our ministry. We never sign the acceptance certificate if the effluent-cleaning system is not in order. In all cases without exception we enjoy government support.

CORRESPONDENT: Is it profitable to build cleaning installations?

VASILYEV: Profits alone are not our yardstick. Sanitary and hygienic, aesthetic and moral considerations are as important to us.

In some chemical, metallurgical and other plants the filters are extremely complex and expensive. So what should we do? Allow these plants to function without filters? Let direct profits form the criteria? Certainly not.

Nature protection measures cannot be allowed to depend upon momentary profit, though, where possible, it should be derived.

At the Novo-Taghil Cement Plant, in the Urals, the dust-catchers, which recycle cement dust, bring in appreciable profits. More than 4,000 big plants in the

Russian Federation are now equipped with filters of various kind, many of them profit earning.

CORRESPONDENT: Which of all the nature protection problems would you single out?

VASILYEV: I should say, that of land. It is a priceless and, at the same time, almost irreplaceable asset. The arable area can be expanded but it is a difficult job. According to estimates, it would take thousands of millions of roubles to open up 10 million hectares of land in the Russian Federation's non-black-earth zone.

Since arable land is being encroached on by urban centres and new industrial enterprises, in recent times the attitude to building on it has become more strict. Some requirements for land are overstated. For instance, the designers of the Khabarovsk heat and power plant demanded an area of 800 hectares. Thorough checking revealed that this plant could be located on a much smaller area. We vigorously fight the idea that Russia's expanses are boundless.

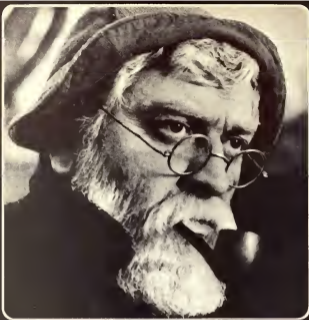
OVSYANNIKOV: In spite of the fact that the Soviet Union has one-seventh of the world's agricultural land.

CORRESPONDENT: Does the state of the Russian forest cause any alarm?

VASILYEV: No. Posterity will not be left without forests. In the republic's European part, the forest area is not shrinking, it is already growing. In pre-revolutionary Russia, reforested tracts amounted to only 900,000 hectares over 70 years. Now, annually 750,000 hectares are reforested.

In the Eighth Five-Year Plan period (1966-70) the country cut timber over an area of 10.2 million hectares, but planted trees on an area of 11.2 million hectares.

OVSYANNIKOV: The rational utilisation of natural wealth presupposes strategic thinking, so to speak, the measurement of results in time units much longer than decades. For us, the conservation of nature and the rational utilisation of its resources means, above all, work - painstaking daily efforts.



New Soviet Film — "The Seedlings"

Spring has come to the Caucasus. The trees stand washed by rain. Birds sing. But the people in that small mountain village are gloomy. That winter the pear trees had perished. The khechechuri was a rare variety and its fruit was sweet and juicy. "For two centuries those trees bore

fruit. My grandfather planted them when he was a young man," said one of the old villagers.

His grandfather had long been dead. But when he was alive he did a good thing by planting trees that year after year gave people fish, sweet fruit. And while his trees bore fruit he him-

Well-known Georgian actor Remaz Chkhikvadze in the role of the old man Luka.

The old man has earned his rest but he has a restless spirit. He and his grandson stride down a mountain path.

Luka is not quite so sure of himself in the city as he is in his native mountains.

by Yuri MIKHAILOV  
from the newspaper  
SALSKAYA ZHIZN



## A Man of Great Heart

self lived in the villagers' hearts. What now? Will the thread of time break?

Old Luka Adzheladze decides to plant new khechechuri trees. He has heard that some far off state farm has seedlings of this pear tree. So without wasting time, he starts on his

way. People tried to dissuade him: "You are an old man, the journey is long and hard. But by then there was no stopping him. Together with his schoolboy grandson, Luka, it was down a mountain path.

Such is the opening of *The Seedlings*, a new film released by

Gruziya Film Studio. The script is by Suliko Zhghenti and the director is Rezo Chkheidze.

The plot is simple. It follows the journey of grandfather and grandson through towns, villages, along modern highways and narrow mountain paths. We see them jogging in a wagon, under torrential rain, in the back of a lorry, aboard a shining interurban express bus.

They meet various people. Alas, not all of them comprehend old Luka. Why should he go to all this trouble to obtain seedlings that will bear fruit only in 12, if not 15 years, while he is 73 himself? Why not plant

trees that will bear fruit in two or three years? The old man disagrees. We must think not only of ourselves and the present, we must also think of what will come after us. May the earth live forever, may the sun shine upon it until the end of time, he says. May it shine for our children and grandchildren.

When, after a prolonged search, Luka finally locates the seedlings he covers them with his own coat on a cold night as he would little children. But when the cold still affects four of them, braving a piercing wind, he digs out holes to plant the little trees — the earth is kind, it will warm them

and give them enough strength to survive. Later, when the end of the trek is already in sight, aboard a passing car, chilled and sick and not very hopeful of reaching home, the old man instructs his grandson where the khechechuri trees are to be planted.

Then the unforeseeable happens. On a slippery mountain road an oncoming lorry skids in the mud and is on the verge of toppling off the cliff and plummeting down into the precipice. In order to save the lorry, Luka puts his seedlings, which have become the meaning of his life, under its wheels.

Once again they are in the back of a lorry. But there are no seedlings

with them. The boy is weeping.

"Why cry, my little one?" the old man comforts his grandson. "Spring will come again and we'll get other khechechuris."

The audience is left with the feeling that whatever happens, khechechuris will again blossom in Luka's village.

The 1973 Sixth All-Union Film Festival in Alma-Ata brought this picture three awards for the scenario, the directing and the performance of the principal child's role.

Later that year, at the Eighth Moscow International Film Festival, the Georgian actor Ramaz Chkikvadze (Luka), won the best male role prize and the film itself earned an award.



Georgian film-workers are fond of making pictures about old people and children. This has become a tradition. However, director Rezo Chkheidze imparts a special warmth to his subject. "The Seedlings" is a story about the beauty and generosity of man's spirit, about the close ties between generations.



# Curtain-Raisers of the Integration Scheme

by Nikolai INOZEMTSEV, Deputy  
Chairman of the USSR State  
Planning Committee

from the newspaper SOVIETSKAYA ROSSIYA

In discussing the results of the first three years of the Ninth Five-Year Plan period and the prospects for its fourth year, 1974, Nikolai Baibakov, Chairman of the USSR State Planning Committee, singled out, in the section entitled "Foreign Economic Relations", two major industrial projects that have been launched: one in Eastern Siberia, the other in the Urals. Both projects, which are being jointly controlled by members of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (CMEA), offer vivid examples of how the comprehensive programme of socialist economic integration is being carried out. What are these projects like? On what principles are they based and in whose interests are they being built?

The 27th session of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, which was held in 1973, adopted a General agreement for the construction of a large asbestos ore-dressing integrated plant. It is being built on Soviet territory — in Klembay, the Orenburg Region, in the southern Urals. In addition to the Soviet Union, participants are other CMEA members interested in its products — Bulgaria, Hungary, the German Democratic Republic, Poland, Romania and Czechoslovakia.

This is already the second agreement of its kind. The first, concluded in 1972, provided for the construction of a cellulose-and-paper plant, also on Soviet territory — in Ust-Ilim, the Irkutsk Region, part of Eastern Siberia. A large complex of industrial enterprises vital for many CMEA countries will spring up there. Its builders are Bulgaria, the German Democratic Republic, Poland, Romania and the Soviet Union.

These agreements define each country's share in the building of

the given project and in receipt of products, which will be in proportion to its investment.

To this end, the general agreements are complemented by the Soviet Union's bilateral agreements with the relevant countries on their concrete contributions to the building of the given industrial project. Such bilateral agreements have been signed, for instance, for the construction of the Ust-Ilim Plant. Deliveries of the materials each signatory country has pledged have already begun. Romania, for instance, will deliver steel structures and cables. The Soviet Union will provide the project with electricity, the labour force, the required engineering equipment, raw materials, etc. The result of these joint CMEA countries' efforts will be Europe's largest plant, with the most up-to-date equipment and an annual capacity of 500,000 tons of bleached sulphate pulp.

Now let us turn to the second integration scheme project — the Klembay Asbestos Plant. Asbes-

tos will not burn, is acid-proof, is a good binding material, with low heat conductivity and dimensional stability. Its impact load strength is greater than that of most metals and plastics. More than 3,000 items are produced out of asbestos — railway sleepers, pipes, wall panels for building projects (which are five times lighter than ferroconcrete ones and more durable). The modern building, motor car, chemical, electrical engineering and other industries cannot do without the use of asbestos.

Why did CMEA countries decide to build this plant on Soviet territory? Because the Soviet Union has the world's largest known asbestos resources. According to a 1970 estimate, 60 to 65 per cent of the world's asbestos resources, equalling 290 million tons, fall to its share.

Some idea of the scope of the Kiembay project can be gathered from the following two figures. Its annual output will be 500,000 tons of asbestos and 24 million tons of rock will have to be processed to this end. The indus-

trial buildings themselves will be unique in size and equipment.

The state plan of the USSR national economic development for 1974 allocates financial and other material resources required for the construction of these enterprises.

"For the first time in planning practice," stressed the Chairman of the USSR State Planning Committee, "the state plan of the USSR national economic development for 1974 contains a special section outlining measures designed to develop socialist economic integration between the Soviet Union and other CMEA member-countries."

\* \* \*

In recent years, the CMEA countries have been building, or have already built, hundreds of major industrial enterprises, many of which to a considerable extent determine the further development of the economy of these countries and the important changes in their industrial production and goods turnover. Here are some examples to

illustrate this point. Bulgaria, in cooperation with the Soviet Union and Hungary, is building a very large soda ash factory. Hungary, also jointly with the Soviet Union, is erecting a huge plant for processing the crude oil coming from the Druzhba-2 Oil Pipeline. In the German Democratic Republic, German experts, together with their Czechoslovak counterparts, are constructing an ethylene production complex. Poland, in col-

laboration with several other CMEA member-states, has expanded the capacities of operating ore mines and copper-smelting plants and built new ones in the Lubin-Glogow copper basin. In Romania, the Braila heat-and-power plant is going up with Soviet technical aid.

Many similar examples could be cited. They all reveal the socialist character of the relations between the CMEA countries.

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#### CLUE TO THE SECRETS OF SCYTHIA

Five bowls adorned with gold plates have been unearthed by an archaeological expedition of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences under an ancient mound near the city of Ordzhonikidze, in the Ukraine. The plates have pictures of stags, eagles and ornaments.

Boris Mozolevsky, head of the expedition, says that these and other finds shed light on one of the secrets of Scythian history. "The tombs of Scythian kings are located in Hera," wrote the ancient Greek historian Herodotus. This place, he assumed, was near the Dnieper. However, until recently archaeologists failed to find a Scythian burial mound here.

The discoveries greatly encourage researchers. The distinctions of the mound's structure, the wooden and reed covers and the gold bowls — all these were Scythian customs.

There are many mounds around Ordzhonikidze. Members of the expedition staff assume that Herodotus' Hera may well be found in the vicinity.

From the newspaper *TRUD*

## HOW ONE GIRL SAVED HER PEOPLE

AN EVENK\* FOLK TALE

In a certain winter camp there lived an old man and his three daughters. He was very poor and there were many holes in his tent, and he had hardly any warm clothes to wear. The

winter was cold, frosts were bitter, and members of the family were freezing.

One day at the height of winter a terrible blizzard started. The wind blew a whole day, then another day and another, it blew so hard that the old man thought his tent of hide would be swept away into the taiga. All the people who lived in that camp were stranded in their tents, unable to go out to seek food.

"We won't be able to live through this blizzard," the old man said. "It is Kotura, the master of the winds, who has sent it down on us. Evidently he is displeased with us. Now, my eldest daughter, you must go to Kotura and plead with him to stop this blizzard.

"But where do I go?" his eldest daughter asked. "I don't know the way."

"I will tell you what to do and where to go, but you must do exactly as I say. I'll give you a small sledge and you will push it against the wind and then follow it. But mind you do not stop on the way, not even to shake the snow out of your boots, not even to adjust your clothes when the wind rips them open. You will come to a high hill; go up it. A little bird will come flying to you and perch on your shoulder. Mind you don't shoot it away, stroke its feathers and treat it well. And when you reach Kotura's tent, don't touch anything. Sit down and wait. When the master of the winds comes, do as he tells you."

The eldest daughter put on her fur clothes, pushed the sledge into the wind and it started easily. She followed the sledge for only a short while before the fastening of her clothes worked loose and she felt the cold. She disobeyed her father's council and stopped to adjust her clothes and to shake the snow out of her boots. Then she went on her way against the wind and blizzard. She walked for a long time before she saw the hill. She climbed it, and sure enough, a small bird flew to her ready to perch on her shoulder, but the girl waved her arms in anger, shooing the little bird away.

Soon after, the girl descended the hill and reached Kotura's tent. She entered it and saw a big piece of roast venison. She started a fire going, got warm, and set to work on the venison, picking the choicest, richest morsels. Suddenly she heard someone approaching the tent. The hide over the entrance was lifted and a young, broad-shouldered, handsome man entered. It was Kotura. He looked at the girl and said: "You are welcome to my house. Live here as long as you wish, but on one condition: that you help me a little with domestic duties. I am back from hunting and here is some meat, now you cook it."

The girl cooked the meat. Kotura told her to take the meat out of the pot and divide it into two equal portions.

"One half we will share between us, and the other half you must take in a pot to the next tent where an old woman lives. Give her the meat and wait until she brings the pot out to you."

The girl took the meat and went out of the tent. The blizzard was howling, and the snow was falling so thickly that she could not see anything. So the girl just took a few steps, threw the meat into the snow, and returned carrying the empty pot. Kotura looked at her but did not say a word.

Then Kotura again went out into the taiga, setting the old

\*The Evenks live over a considerable part of Siberia (between the Taimey Peninsula and Yakutia). The region is known as the Evenk National Region. Their main occupation is hunting, trapping and reindeer breeding. The traditional Evenk dwelling is a conical tent of hide supported on 20 to 25 poles. The traditional clothing is made of skins and fur. Shamanism was the religion of the Evenks, and their hunting people used to worship animals, the masters of nature.

In Soviet times these nomadic reindeer-breeding people have become settled villages and even townships appeared and their children started attending school and often went on to institutes of higher learning. An alphabet was evolved and literature thus appeared. The former reindeer breeders and trappers acquired new professions: many of the Evenks became socialist engineers, artists, actors, meteorologists and poets. This small nation, naturally doomed to starvation and extinction under the czarist government, has now entered on a second youth.

man's daughter the task of making him a suit of clothes from the skins he had. The girl had barely started when the lude by the doorway was lifted and an old, gray-haired woman entered the tent.

"My dear daughter," she said, "I have got a speck in my eye, please take it out."

"Don't bother me, I am busy," the girl answered crossly. "Can't you see for yourself?"

The old woman turned away and left without saying another word.

When Kotura returned from his hunting expedition that evening he asked, "Have you made my clothes?"

"Here they are."

Kotura took them and felt at once that the skins were hard because they were badly dressed and the clothes, badly cut and sewn, did not fit him. Kotura grew angry, and drove the old man's daughter out of the tent.

Meanwhile the blizzard became fiercer still, howling like a lost soul. The people every-

Drawing by Vera SHARKOVA



where trembled in their homes. They could not go hunting, because all the animals hid from the blizzard, and there was nothing to be seen but a white murk. Children cried with hunger and their mothers had nothing to give them.

"I see that my eldest daughter has disobeyed me," the old man said sadly. "She did not do as I bade her, that is why Kotura is so angry with us now. You must go to him, my middle daughter."

But his second daughter, too, disobeyed her father and Kotura drove her out of his tent.

The old man sat in the tent with his youngest daughter, waiting for a clear day to dawn. But the blizzard raged and howled, blowing down people's dwellings, leaving them without shelter.

"It is your turn now, my beloved youngest daughter," the old man said with a sigh. "I hate parting with you, but if I don't all our people will perish from hunger."

The girl went out and followed the little sledge through the blizzard. She walked on blindly: the whirling snow obliterated everything, the furious wind tore at her clothes, the snow got into her shoes, but she went on doggedly, ignoring the cold and the blizzard. She did exactly as her father had commanded.

As she went up the hill a little bird came flying to her. The girl

did not shoo it away as her sisters had done. She stroked its feathers and caressed it. Then she jumped into the sledge and drove downhill straight to Kotura's tent.

When Kotura saw the girl, he laughed with pleasure, and asked her: "What have you come to me for?"

"To beg you to stop the blizzard. Otherwise the people in our winter camp will perish!"

"Then don't stand by the door, come in. Come in, start a fire and cook the meat. I am hungry, and I expect you are hungry too after your travelling."

The girl picked up the pot, cleaned it well, and quickly cooked the meat. After the meal Kotura asked the girl to take the rest of the meat to the tent next door.

The girl picked up the pot meat and went out. She did not know which way to go or where to find the tent. She stood, pondering, and then started off at random, determined to do as Kotura wished. Suddenly a little bird appeared from nowhere, the very same bird that she had seen up on top of the hill. It wheeled and hovered overhead, bidding the girl to follow it, which she did. Then she saw smoke rising from the snow. She came closer, stirred the snow with her foot and saw a door. An old gray-haired woman looked out and asked, "Who are you? What did you come for?"

"I have brought you some meat, Granny."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear girl. Give it to me. But you stay here."

The girl waited and waited outside for a long time, until she was almost frozen. At long last the entrance hide was lifted again. The old woman looked out and handed back her pot. The girl saw that there was something in it.

She returned to Kotura's tent and looked at the old woman's presents. There were knives, scrapers, and other things used for dressing skins, and in addition some steel needles.

Kotura laughed, saying: "I see you have many useful things! Make me some new clothes while I go out hunting."

The girl set to work, but what could be done in a single day? Suddenly an old grey-haired woman entered the tent, the very same woman to whom the girl had taken the meat. Now the old woman said: "Help me. There is a speck in my eye, please take it out."

The girl immediately put down her work and took the speck out of the old woman's eye.

"That's better, now my eye doesn't hurt any longer," the old woman said. "You've helped me and I'll help you."

She left the tent but soon returned with four girls.

"These will be your helpers and the five of you will make everything in good time."

The five girls together set to work dressing the skins, cutting them and sewing. They did not notice when daylight became dusk. Kotura returned from his hunting and when he saw his new clothes he wanted to try them on. But first he picked them up and examined them. The skins were soft and pliable. He put them on and they were neither tight nor loose; they fitted him well, and the stitching was beautiful. Kotura smiled with pleasure and said:

"You are to my liking, my fair maiden. You have a heart of gold and hard working, clever hands. You are also brave: you were not afraid of the terrible blizzard because you wanted to save your people. You'll make a good wife — marry me. My mother likes you and so do my sisters. Stay in my tent for the rest of your life!"

As soon as he said these words the blizzard died down. The people were no longer freezing, they came out from their tents. Men went hunting, women set to work on home chores, and children started their games in high spirits.

Translated by Natsush JOHNSTONE



**BOOK SECTION**

*"Please devote more space to World War II heroes, soldiers of the invisible front — guerrillas and intelligence men. For instance, I'd like to read about Nikolai Kuznetsov."*

Stanislaw Polanica, Poland

**SPUTNIK** has received similar requests from Peter Blasej of Federal Germany, Zh. Erdenbatov of Mongolia, and many other readers.

# OPERATION LONG JUMP

by Alexander LUKIN, Deputy Commander for Intelligence of a former guerrilla detachment

from the "Adventure Literature" series

Drawing by Igor FCHELKO

Nikolai Ivanovich Kuznetsov, the principal of this story, was a famous Soviet intelligence officer in the Second World War. He carried out dozens of brilliantly conceived operations. As a member of a special force under Colonel Dmitri Medvedev, Nikolai Kuznetsov was parachute-dropped, in the summer of 1942, near Rovno, a small town in the Ukraine, deep in the enemy rear. Nikolai Kuznetsov, who spoke fluent German, operated in Rovno as Paul Sieberl, an officer of the Wehrmacht, furnishing his detachment with intelligence of exceptional value. He lost his life in 1944, and was posthumously awarded the title of Hero of the Soviet Union.



Photograph of Nikolai Kuznetsov taken in 1942.

Nikolai Kuznetsov left No. 15, Legions Street at 10 p.m. They had tried to talk him into staying an hour or two longer, but he had gone, pleading tiredness and a headache. Actually, he just wanted to be alone, to collect his thoughts, and to sort out his observations of the last few days.

It was dark outside. The sparse street lamps barely managed to pierce the gloom of rustling, rather warm autumn drizzle. He walked with precise, measured steps which he had grown accustomed to in the past year of posing as a German officer. The peak of his high-topped cap pulled low over his

eyes, the collar of his light-grey army raincoat turned up, he walked in a straight line, not even trying to avoid the puddles, as though marching at a parade in Berlin.

Every five or ten minutes he met paired patrols — sullen-looking soldiers in steel helmets with submachine guns at the ready.

"Scared..." Nikolai Ivanovich thought with malevolent satisfaction.

Following certain events of the past summer, particularly the dynamiting of the Prozorov Bridge, the Germans had sharply increased the force guarding all civilian and military objectives in Rovno, doubled the number of patrols in the town, and introduced new strict measures.

However, this did not worry Kuznetsov too much. Oberleutnant Paul Wilhelm Siebert's papers were in order. There was always an up-to-date "detached mission order" in his wallet with all the necessary stamps and signatures.

A patrol checking his papers would learn that before them was a merited combat officer, a recipient of two Iron Crosses, who, after a severe wound received on the Eastern Front, was

now a deputised officer of the Wirtschaftskommando (Wikko for short), the administrative command. His responsibility was utilisation of the material resources of the USSR's occupied areas in the interests of the Wehrmacht. This explained his frequent visits to Rovno.

So walk boldly, Oberleutnant Siebert, guardian of the new order in Europe, along the quiet streets of a verdant Ukrainian town! At the sight of the subservient *Polizeis* spring to attention; submachine gun patrols and burly MP's with metal badges on their chests, up under the collar, salute you deferentially. But keep away from suburban streets and dark alleys; there the high-topped cap of a German officer and the Iron Cross on your chest are no protection. They may rather turn out to be the target of an accurately fired guerrilla bullet...

Nikolai Ivanovich even shuddered at the thought which had occurred to him for the first time. He had never been afraid of death — neither in battle, nor in the Gestapo dungeons. But to be killed by a friend... For some reason he had never envisaged such a possibility. Then he pictured himself coming



to Rovno after the war. He would walk along the familiar streets together with Valya Dovger, Lydia Lisovskaya and Maya Mikota. Involuntarily he smiled at the very idea: the first boy who saw them would turn them in to the militia. He imagined himself trying to persuade some moustached sergeant-major that they were not nazi scum well known to everybody in town but Soviet intelligence officers.

The sisters, Lydia and Maya, were having a tough time of it, of course. Everyone in Rovno knew that their apartment in 15 Legions Street, which he had just left, was a place where German officers had a good time, while the hostesses themselves worked in nazi casinos. He was only risking his life, while they were risking much more — their good name. It must be a terrible feeling to live in one's native town and have the reputation of a nazi lapdog.

Nikolai Ivanovich was terrified to even think of what would happen to the girls, his help-mates, if the Gestapo ever discovered that Lisovskaya and Mikota were not its agents, keeping an eye on the garrison and arriving officers of the

Wehrmacht, but members of a Soviet special force of which he himself was one.

And Valya Dovger? That frail, grey-eyed girl who played the role of Oberleutenant Siebert's fiancée so skilfully that she had deceived even Erich Koch, the Reichskommissar of the Ukraine and a Gauleiter of East Prussia. It was he personally who had recommended her for a job at the Reichskommissariat.

Then Kuznetsov's thoughts wandered back to the subject that had constantly occupied his mind lately — Paul von Ortel. . . What was he doing in Rovno, that outwardly calm SS officer with a mind that was definitely above the average? Kuznetsov was positive that he was an intelligence man, and no small fry, either. In this conjecture he was not guided by intuition alone; there were also some facts. In the first place, the 28-year-old officer was much too young for his rank of SS Sturmbannführer. He could have been promoted to that rank only as a result of some special services he had performed. At the same time, it was obvious that von Ortel was a man of experience.

He was rather tall, solid, and smart in appearance. His not-

too-thick dark hair was immaculately parted at the side. His pale eyes had an intelligent and wary look.

Nobody knew where he served or whether he was connected with any establishment in town. His manner was aloof. On several occasions Siebert had observed that while he seemed to hold no official post, von Ortel carried plenty of weight both with the Gestapo and the SD. Unlike most of Siebert's "friends", he was never hard up.

In what seemed like endless months of operating in the enemy rear Nikolai Ivanovich had learnt to size up his numerous officer "friends" and detect their weak points. He understood that with von Ortel he would have to be extremely cautious: the so-far unsuspecting Sturmbannführer would not let a single false word or move slip by unnoticed.

Undoubtedly, von Ortel was the most interesting of Oberleutenant Siebert's "friends" in Rovno. He stood out from most of the Wehrmacht's officers by his outlook, independence of judgement, erudition, and quick wit. He was well-read and appreciated music.

Once in a restaurant, where

he was with Siebert, von Ortel accosted a man — a local, judging by his clothes and general appearance — and talked with him in perfect Russian. The conversation, a rather trivial one, lasted for ten minutes or so. Pretending that he did not understand a word, Kuznetsov listened carefully, and had to admit to himself that if von Ortel had addressed him somewhere in the street, say, in Sverdlovsk he would not have known him for a foreigner. The Sturmbannführer spoke Russian just as well as Kuznetsov spoke German.

"Where did you learn Russian so well?" he asked.

"I've been studying it a long time, my dear Siebert. Did you understand anything?"

"Two or three words. I know a few dozen stock phrases that are in the army handbook."

Von Ortel nodded with understanding.

"I can tell you that I speak effortless Russian. Several times I've had the opportunity to see that not a single Ivan can tell me apart from his own. When I don't have this uniform on, of course."

Von Ortel laughed merrily; then continued in a more serious tone:



"You look like a man who can keep a secret. All right, I'll confide in you: I lived in Moscow for two years before the war."

"What did you do there?"

"Well! You can bet I wasn't helping the Bolsheviks to build socialism."

"I see..." Kuznetsov said slowly. "So you are a secret agent?"

"Don't bother sounding polite, my friend," von Ortel said. "You were thinking of the word 'spy', weren't you?"

Kuznetsov raised his hands in mock capitulation.

"One just can't hide anything from you. Yes, I did think of the word. Pardon me, but we army officers have no use for that profession."

"Wrong attitude," said the SS-man, not offended in the least. "With all respect for your Crosses, I wager I've caused more damage to the Bolsheviks than your whole company."

Little by little, Kuznetsov came to realize that, despite his seeming charm, von Ortel was a diabolical man. An astute, cunning and ruthless enemy. Evidently, the SS-man had become, in his own way, attached to the combat officer, had de-

cid-ed to trust him, and stopped mincing words entirely.

At first Kuznetsov was amazed at the sharpness of tone and the scathing sarcasm with which von Ortel spoke about the Nazi leaders. He had no respect either for Goebbels or Rosenberg, calling them windbags, or Koch whom he called a coward and a thief, or Goering whom he described as an arrogant shop-keeper. Should someone overhear them they would be in serious trouble. Von Ortel, however, seemed not to have a care in the world.

"Why are you so quite, my friend?" he asked. "You think I'm provoking you? Are you worried? You needn't be afraid of me. Watch out for enthusiasts in plain clothes I'm afraid of them myself..."

Emerging before Kuznetsov's eyes day by day, was the picture of a man, diabolical not because of his misanthropic views but because he completely lacked any. Von Ortel was an absolute cynic. He had no convictions. He believed in nothing — neither church dogmas, nor Nazi philosophy.

"This is all for the vulgar herd," he once said, carelessly flinging a copy of *Völkischer*

*Beobachter* down on the table, "for the mob which is capable of action only when it is being prodded to action by some Dr. Goebbels."

"But why then do you serve the Führer and Germany as faithfully as I do, although in a different line?" Siebert asked.

"Now you've got the bull by the horns," von Ortel said seriously. "I do that because only with the Führer can I achieve what I want. Because I'm satisfied with his philosophy, though I do not believe in it, and with his methods, in which I do believe. Because they suit me."

Of course, the fact that Siebert who had plenty of money at all times, was actually independent of the *Sturmabführer* — had never asked him for anything — no matter how trivial a request — was an important factor in relations between them.

If von Ortel was really interested in enlisting Paul Siebert for some of his affairs he, von Ortel, had to be the first to show interest.

One day the *Sturmabführer* did so.

None of the Reichskommissariat's staff had any definite idea of what was Major Martin

Göttel's sphere of responsibility. No one had ever been in his office, let alone the place where he was living. Göttel did not allow even the cleaning woman in, messing about with a broom and dustpan himself.

For the greater part of the workday the office of the lanky "redhead major", as he was called behind his back, was locked, while its owner roamed aimlessly, or so it would seem, around the other offices, chatting with colleagues. But even officers who outranked Göttel avoided discussing anything with him, unless it was absolutely necessary.

One day Göttel volunteered to see Valya Dovger, Siebert's supposed fiancée, home. His company was distasteful to the girl, but she decided not to show antipathy towards an officer whom she hardly knew and who, it was not difficult to surmise, could cause serious trouble to even more important figures than a modest secretary, a *Volksdeutsche*, from the Reichskommissariat.

At first Göttel's approach was standard enough. After a few routine, army-type compliments, he wistfully confessed that he was lonely. Valya knew that

after such overtures she could expect, as a rule, an invitation to spend an evening at a restaurant, and was preparing to reply that she went out very seldom and only with her fiancé, when suddenly she realised that her escort was not so much interested in herself as in her "fiancé".

"Whatever you say, there is so much injustice in this world," Göttel complained. "No sooner had Oberleutnant Siebert come to Rovno than he met a charming girl like you. And I've been here for God knows how long and haven't made a single interesting acquaintance..."

The major sighed ruefully and asked:

"Tell me please, how did he manage it?"

Valya tensed inwardly, but began to chatter easily. With a carefree air she repeated the old, thoroughly elaborated story of how she had met her future fiancé.

If Göttel did not have the generally, though tacitly, admitted reputation of an informer his questions could have passed for excessive curiosity and nothing else. But, considering his reputation, what lay behind his ques-

tions? The usual suspiciousness of a professional sleuth? Or a founded suspicion? It was also very important where his information went. It was one thing if he informed the Reichskommissariat top officials about everything that looked odd to him, another thing if he informed the Abwehr, and a completely different thing if he worked for the Gestapo or the SD.

Valya understood that in any case she should notify Kuznetsov immediately.

Meanwhile, no matter how slowly Göttel had tried to saunter, they arrived at Valya's house. In parting the "redhead major" expressed the hope that Fräulein Valentina would one day arrange a meeting between him and the Oberleutnant.

Valya said she would.

That evening she told Nikolai Ivanovich, omitting no detail, about her disquieting conversation with Göttel.

For us, the command of the guerrilla detachment, this was really a problem to ponder over. On the one hand, there was nothing, aside from Göttel's questions, to indicate that Siebert had been discovered. Otherwise, he would not be walking

the streets of Rovno: he would be at 26 Pochtovaya Street, the Gestapo headquarters.

On the other hand, it could be that the nazis had a line on him, but did not have any real proof that he was connected with Soviet intelligence, and were therefore waiting. This conjecture seemed to be refuted by the supposition that the Gestapo in that case would not have acted so bluntly.

Finally, there was a third, and most likely, explanation: that Martin Göttel was playing a lone hand, without letting anyone know about it for the time being. So far the purpose of his game was not clear. Having weighed up carefully all the pros and cons, the guerrilla detachment command was inclined to accept the third version, and decided that Kuznetsov should meet with Göttel, exercising utmost caution, of course.

It was then that von Ortel made a move which under the conditions obtaining in Nazi Germany, where denunciations were a norm, had to be taken for a sign of utmost friendliness and trust.

"I don't like that Major Göttel from the Reichskommissariat very much," Siebert told von

Ortel one day. "He is seeing Valya home much too often. I'm not jealous, you understand, but my fiancée resents his advances."

Von Ortel gave him a searching look, thought for a while, then said:

"I quite share Fräulein Valentina's dislike for that admirer of hers. I'm your friend, Paul, and so my advice is that your fiancée should beware of Göttel. I've met that fellow in Prinz Albrecht Strasse. Do I have to spell it out for you?"

No elucidation was needed. Germans shuddered at the mere mention of that address. No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse housed the Main Office of the Gestapo and the SD. So, Göttel was a Gestapo man!

Nikolai Ivanovich was now certain that, having inquired about him in a conversation with Valya Dovger, Göttel would sound out his other acquaintances as well. This was confirmed the very next day — the "redhead major" called out Lydia Lisovskaya.

"I must warn you," he began, "that our conversation is strictly confidential and in no way connected with the fact of our being

personally acquainted. Is that clear?"

Lydia said it was.

Göttel nodded with satisfaction and went on:

"What do you or your sister know about Oberleutnant Siebert?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Lydia told him as much as she considered necessary. Göttel's next question was quite unexpected:

"In talking with you, has he ever mentioned Britain?"

"Britain?" Lydia asked, puzzled. "No, never. Why should he talk about Britain with me? We have many other interesting things to talk about."

Göttel was persistent.

"Then, perhaps, he sometimes used English words in speaking with you?"

Lydia was amused.

"But I don't understand English... As far as I know, Paul speaks only German... True, he knows a few dozen Polish and Ukrainian words — like all the other German officers stationed here."

Göttel became thoughtful. At last, he arrived at a decision.

"I want to ask you, Fräulein, to do the following. In talking with Siebert, try sometime, quite casually, to use the word 'sir'

Notice how he reacts to such a form of address, and report your observations to me."

Now everything was clear. Unwittingly, Major Göttel had tipped his hand. Evidently he seriously believed, for some reason, that Oberleutnant Paul Wilhelm Siebert was a British intelligence officer...

It was obvious, of course, to the guerrilla detachment command why Göttel, who suspected Siebert of espionage, did not even try to arrest him but sought to become casually acquainted with him. Obviously, the major, who because of his position was well informed about the situation at the front, understood that Nazi Germany had lost the war, that her collapse was near, and that the Nazis, and he personally, would soon have to answer for the crimes committed on Soviet soil. Therefore, he decided to get in touch with the British intelligence service as early as possible in order to, by switching sides in good time, escape retribution.

Quite logically, he expected that the "British spy" Siebert would duly appreciate his discretion and put in a word for him, Major Göttel, with his superiors in London. And then... After all, what difference did it make

whom he served — Germany or Britain — as long as he could save his skin? He wouldn't be the first, and he wouldn't be the last...

At any rate, it was certain that Göttel would not tell his superiors about his suspicions concerning the identity of Oberleutnant Siebert.

And so it was decided. Kuznetsov would meet with Major Göttel and try to use the given situation to advantage.

The meeting, which the Gestapo man had been trying so hard to arrange, took place in Lydia Lisovskaya's apartment on October 29, 1943. Göttel's attitude was very friendly. He tried to show his liking for his new acquaintance by lavishing compliments on the Oberleutnant's fiancée.

"Everybody at the Reichskommissariat simply adores Fräulein Valentina," he said with affected fervor. "I drink to your happiness, Siebert."

When they had downed a few more drinks, Kuznetsov got up and, as if suddenly struck by an idea, said:

"Why don't we make a real party of it, to mark our acquaintance, Herr Major?" And he added laughingly, "If you promise that my fiancée will not

learn about it we can have a grand time in the company of two charming ladies..."

Göttel thought he understood. Siebert would not be inviting a chance acquaintance to a drunken spree with girls. Evidently, he wanted to discuss the subject that interested them both. He agreed at once.

The officers said good-bye to Lisovskaya and left. The short square-built chauffeur, Kuznetsov's helpmate and friend, Nikolai Strutinsky, deferentially held the car door open for them.

"Nicolaus," Siebert made an indefinite gesture with his hand, "let's go. The usual place."

Kuznetsov was taking Göttel to the flat of Leonid Stukalo, an activist of the underground, a dependable man. However, this plan soon had to be abandoned. Something had happened in the street near Stukalo's house. A crowd had gathered, and police had arrived.

"That's all we need!" Kuznetsov thought with annoyance. "Now we'll have to recast the play!" And he gave the chauffeur another address — 53 Legions Street.

"Are we going back?" Göttel asked, surprised.

"No. I was going to call for

someone who lives here — but then remembered that she must be over at her friend's," Kuznetsov told him.

... Robert Glaas was a minor official of the Paketaktion, a typical occupation-regime establishment which was in charge of sending to Germany parcels of food and clothes looted from the civilian population. Glaas was considered a zealous worker — industrious, obliging, but not brilliant. His superiors thought highly of him.

General Hermann Knuth, the Paketaktion chief and Second Deputy to Erich Koch, the Reichskommissar of the Ukraine, would have had a stroke if he learnt that Robert Glaas, the most modest of his officers, was a Dutch communist, and underground worker in contact with the guerrillas who had already rendered them many services...

It was to his flat that Kuznetsov now decided to go.

Glaas welcomed his unexpected guests and quickly laid the table. Kuznetsov removed his belt and holster and told Strutinsky to hang it up on a nail behind the wardrobe. He suggested that Göttel take off his. Hesitantly, the major did so.

"My girl-friends must be late,"

said Siebert smiling. "Let's not waste time. Have a drink, Herr Major."

Göttel did not mind, and Nikolai Ivanovich filled their glasses with egg liqueur. By and by they started a conversation filled with hints and subtle innuendoes.

It is hard to say how their diplomatic fencing would have ended if Nikolai Strutinsky had not made a blunder. When Kuznetsov went out to wash his hands, he sat down at the table without permission.

Major Göttel gave a start. No German soldier, moreover one of Polish descent, could have sat down at a table with officers, even if he had been invited. But such a liberty would not have been tolerated by a British army officer, either. And that was what Göttel had assumed Oberleutnant Paul Siebert to be.

It followed... It followed that Siebert was not an agent of the British Intelligence Service. Then what was he? A Soviet intelligence agent? Horror gleamed in Göttel's eyes. He made a lunge for his belt and holster.

Half a minute later he was pinioned and firmly tied to the chair. Pale with fright, the major

was shivering uncontrollably. Large beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

Due to an accident the whole scenario had changed. Now there was nothing for Nikolai Ivanovich to do but, casting aside all camouflage, interrogate the nazi counter-intelligence officer. In an attempt to save his life Göttel blurted out everything he knew.

"Who is Sturmbannführer Ortel?" Kuznetsov asked.

"That I cannot say..."

"I repeat: who is von Ortel?"

Kuznetsov raised his voice.

"But I really don't know,"

Göttel cried out frantically. "No one knows that!"

"Not even Dr. Jorgens, chief of the SD?" Kuznetsov asked sarcastically.

"Even Dr. Jorgens I only know that Sturmbannführer von Ortel has vast powers from the Reich Security Main Office in Berlin. He has the right to skip all channels and personally get in touch with Gruppenführer Müller and Brigadeführer Schellenberg in Berlin.

Kuznetsov almost gave a whistle. "So von Ortel is really a big shot," he thought.

"What is his official status in Rovno?" he asked.

"I don't know. He has practically nothing to do with us. He has an office of sorts in 272 German Street, disguised as a dental office. Two or three times he has had visitors from Germany. Sometimes he has taken, on his own selection, prisoners from the Gestapo to his office. None of them ever returned. What he wanted them for or what he did with them, I do not know."

Kuznetsov could see that Göttel was not lying. Evidently, the local Gestapo men knew nothing about von Ortel's secret mission in Rovno. There was nothing more of interest to Kuznetsov that Göttel could tell him. Yet, Nikolai Ivanovich asked him one more question in conclusion:

"Why did you decide that I was an Englishman?"

"Never occurred to me the Russians might have such intelligence men," Göttel muttered glumly.

The next day Major Martin Göttel did not appear at the Reichskommissariat. Neither did he come to work the day after. The messenger who had been sent to his place found the flat empty. Judging by the thin layer of dust covering the furniture,

no one had lived there for several days.

Besides Lydia Lisovskaya's apartment, Siebert and von Ortel often met at the officers' casino in Rovno's main street, now called German Street. It was one of the most popular gambling dens with the Germans. Von Ortel was fond of both roulette and cards. As for Siebert, he frequented the casino because there were always many officers of all arms and services milling around, and he could pick up much important information there.

"You know, Siebert," von Ortel once said thoughtfully as they met at the casino, "for some reason I like you a lot. No, don't try to laugh it off. I assure you there are not more than a dozen people in this world whom I like."

The SS-man's voice had a sincere ring.

"Why so?" Kuznetsov asked. "And you, can you name at least five of our mutual acquaintances whom you would like to have for friends?"

Kuznetsov replied quite honestly:

"No, I can't."

Von Ortel laughed contentedly.

"There you are! But to hell

with them. Let's talk about you. Tell me frankly: after you've got two bullets from the Russians and two Crosses from the Führer, are you still eager to get to the front?"

"I'm a soldier, Herr Sturm-bannführer," Kuznetsov replied. "If I'm again sent to the front I shall unhesitatingly fight for the Führer, the German people, and Great Germany."

Von Ortel spread his hands in mock admiration. "Wonderful, Paul! But do you have to be so official? I'm not your regimental commander, you know. And besides, why do you think that you can fight our enemies only at the front?"

Siebert twisted his lips in a scornful grimace.

"I know, here in Rovno there are lots of these fighters against young girls and old invalids suspected of being saboteurs and guerrillas."

Now it was von Ortel who frowned.

"Don't speak so lightly, Siebert. Unfortunately, guerrillas are a very serious matter. I don't envy those who have to deal with them. But I'm talking about something different. I wouldn't be your friend if I suggested anything of the kind."

Von Ortel fell silent and pondered. He seemed to be weighing up something in his mind. Nikolai Ivanovich did not break the silence, realising that the conversation was about to turn to the main thing for the sake of which he had struck up and maintained this friendship, which for him was like walking on the brink of a precipice.

Abruptly von Ortel came out of his reverie. From a pocket of his black service coat he took out a thin silver cigarette case with two golden zigzags, the lightning SS emblem, embossed on it. Kuznetsov accepted a cigarette.

Taking a light offered by the nazi, Kuznetsov was conscious of a steady, appraising look directed on himself. They sat puffing on their cigarettes.

"Paul," von Ortel began unhurriedly, quite casually, "what would you say if I suggested that you change your speciality? Become an intelligence officer, for instance?"

"Me? You are joking, von Ortel. What kind of intelligence agent would I make? I'm just an army officer who can command a company, and that's about all. What a wild notion! Besides, with all my respect for

you, I've never quite liked that profession."

Von Ortel slapped Siebert's knee in a friendly manner, and said somewhat didactically:

"My dear friend, nobody likes beer at first, either. As the French say, everybody without exception likes only *louis d'or*. And as to whether you are suited for intelligence work, I'm a better judge. Take my word — you are."

Von Ortel certainly knew how to handle people. He realised that he had already said enough to the modest combat officer, and that he must be given time to digest the unexpected but flattering proposal with its many implications. And so he switched the conversation to another, quite neutral, subject.

Kuznetsov reported his conversation with von Ortel to the guerrilla detachment command immediately. Judging by everything, von Ortel had taken our bait. We suggested that Kuznetsov continue his role but without adopting any definite commitments.

"Try to find out," we advised Nikolai Ivanovich, "what specific job that benefactor of yours has in mind for you. Don't forget, however, that this might be

a provocation. Exercise utmost caution. Don't overdo things."

Kuznetsov returned to Rovno. The first person he met with was Maya Mikota. This was no accident. It was due to the fact that out of all the girls who were at Lydia Lisovskaya's parties von Ortel definitely showed preference for the cheerful, charming Maya. He paid his attentions to her but not very seriously, with a shade of condescension, teasing her constantly but good-naturedly. In other words, he behaved as mature men sometimes do towards very young girls, and Maya then was only eighteen. Nevertheless, she used the Sturmbannführer's soft spot for her very cleverly, and while flirting innocently obtained much interesting and valuable information. As a Gestapo "agent", Maya was directly subordinate to von Ortel, and the seasoned intelligence man taught her in all seriousness the tricks of the spying trade. His advice to Maya gave us an idea of how German spies were trained.

Von Ortel was ambitious and pinned great hopes, though not immediately, on his student. He dubbed her "Mata" — after the famous German spy of the First World War and variety dancer, Mata Hari. It was with her help that Wilhelm Canaris, later chief

of the Nazi Military Intelligence, made his career. Evidently, Sturmbannführer von Ortel also planned to go far with the help of our Maya.

Nikolai Ivanovich met her during the day. They strolled about for a long time, the girl telling him all the latest news in Rovno. In conclusion she said,

"By the way, my chief is going away somewhere."

"Von Ortel?"

"Yes. He is very pleased with something. Told me he had been shown great honour, and that the matter was of paramount importance."

"Where is he going?"

Maya shrugged.

"He didn't say . . ."

"Maya, try to recollect every detail of the conversation, little things, something that was only implied. This is very important."

The girl understood perfectly that it was important, but she only shook her head in reply.

"I didn't ask . . . And he isn't telling. Wait a minute . . . He said he'd have some Persian rugs for me when he came back."

Kuznetsov was excited. His intuition had told him that there was some connection between von Ortel's proposal to Kuznetsov and his planned departure. Persian rugs — irrelevant? Hardly. They must also have some bearing on the operation in

which von Ortel, considering what was already known about him, was to play no mean role.

In parting, Kuznetsov instructed the girl:

"Try to pump him as much as possible. Pretend that you are sorry to see him go. Drop a hint that you are not indifferent to him and are anxious about his going. Remember his every word, no matter how trifling it may appear to you at first."

They said good-bye and parted.

Kuznetsov met von Ortel the following night at the usual place — the restaurant of the officers' casino. Von Ortel had just won 200 marks from an air force lieutenant-colonel. He was therefore in high spirits and a bit drunk. He made no mention of their previous conversation, but he suddenly remarked:

"A man like you, Siebert, needs friends who can appreciate your abilities and put them to proper use."

Von Ortel had a talent for dramatic effect. He told Siebert that he would, at the first opportunity (and this would be soon enough), introduce him to SS Sturmbannführer Otto Skorzeny.

"Skorzeny?" Siebert echoed doubtfully. "The hero of Abruzzo and rescuer of the Duce?"

"Certainly. Why not?" von Ortel replied casually, enjoying the dramatic effect of his statement. "Otto is an old friend and colleague of mine. Right now there is something we are on together."

The sinister name was well known to Kuznetsov. For several months it had figured prominently on the pages of Nazi newspapers and magazines, adorned with loud superlatives. Nazi propaganda had shrouded it with near-mystic legend, making an idol of the Germanic race out of Skorzeny.

At the time in question SS Sturmbannführer Otto Skorzeny was the chief of the SS terrorists and saboteurs of the Sixth Division of the Reich Security Main Office. Even the chief of the Sixth Division, SS Brigadeführer Walter Schellenberg, was wary of Skorzeny. And he had a good reason to be, for Skorzeny had been recommended to that post of supervisor of the SS secret assassins by none other than Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the head of the Reich Security Main Office, the security service and the security police. Everyone in the SS and the SD knew that Kaltenbrunner and Skorzeny were bound by a 15-year-old friendship.

It was well after midnight when the SS-man reminded Sie-

bert of his proposal. He was very drunk by then. Perhaps, this was due to the excitement of his coming trip, but it was the first time that Kuznetsov saw him lose his self-control. His eyes glittered feverishly, his always immaculate hair was ruffled, his speech had become rambling and incoherent. His normally steady hand shook as he filled Siebert's glass with cognac — for the umpteenth time.

"Well, what have you decided, Paul?" he asked.

Kuznetsov laughed.

"You haven't told me the main thing, Herr Sturmbannführer — what am I supposed to do?"

"The same thing you've done many times — risk your life. Not in this uniform but in civvies, though. Another difference — if you succeed you get money besides a new ribbon, real money — not these lousy marks which you throw right and left in these cheap joints."

Then von Ortel did something that really surprised Kuznetsov. He gripped his shoulder, almost forcing him down to the table, and breathed hotly in his ear:

"It'll be real money, my friend, with which you'll be set anywhere, even if our beloved Great Reich vanishes into thin air like

a soap bubble. It'll be gold, dollars, pounds! People like us, Siebert, are always needed. Of course, we won't be able to come to terms with the Russians. Me, they would just hang. You might get away with 10 years and serve them somewhere in Siberia — nothing to look forward to, either. But, thank God, there still are good places on earth. South America, for instance, eh?"

Kuznetsov was somewhat disconcerted by what he had heard. Or, perhaps, it was a provocation? Not likely. In Nazi Germany such utterances were not made even in provocation. Slowly and hesitantly, as though still thinking it over, he said:

"So, you think we are on the rocks?"

"High and dry," von Ortel said, adding a profanity. "After Stalingrad and Kursk, only a miracle can save us. And the role of miracle workers has been assigned to Skorzeny, myself . . . well, and some others. You can become one of these saviours if you want to. Here's to miracles!"

They downed their drinks. Von Ortel went on.

"I'm leaving for Iran my friend."

Siebert feigned surprise.

"Iran? I thought you specialized in Russia."

Von Ortel shook his head.

"No, this time it's Iran. The Big Three are going to meet there at the end of November. We shall eliminate them and turn the tide of the war. We'll try and kidnap Roosevelt so the Führer will have a better bargaining position in talking with America."

Von Ortel went on enthusiastically:

"We'll fly in groups. Our men are being trained at a special school in Copenhagen. You too will have to go there for a couple of weeks to learn a few things."

"All right," Kuznetsov said firmly, "it's a deal."

Von Ortel was obviously satisfied.

"Now you are talking, Paul! I'll be counting on you, then."

Kuznetsov was very excited when he came to the detachment. Before he even changed he went to report to the command about the attack being plotted.

" . . . And so I suggest that at our next meeting von Ortel should be liquidated," concluded Nikolai Ivanovich.

As human beings we shared his feelings, but as intelligence men we understood that exactly

the opposite must be done. We could not afford to touch a hair of von Ortel's head. In fact, from that moment on we had to protect him from harm or danger.

"Von Ortel is our only lead to the plot," we told Nikolai Ivanovich. "If you kill him we'll lose that lead and will be completely in the dark. You've got to win his confidence and find out who else, besides Skorzeny and himself, is going on that trip, their distinctive marks, addresses in Teheran, and finally the plan of the attack."

For several minutes Kuznetsov sat in silence, his head clasped between his hands. At last he stood up, already calm, and said:

"I'm sorry I was so rash, comrades. Of course I was wrong."

"We must have von Ortel's photograph," we told Nikolai Ivanovich.

He sat thinking for a while, then shook his head ruefully.

"I'm afraid it's impossible to sneak a shot and get a good picture. He is very cautious. In the street he always pulls the peak of his cap over his eyes, and inside he usually sits in a shaded spot, propping up his cheek with his left hand. Besides,

it will take too long to send the photograph to Moscow, and we have only a few days."

He was right, of course. There was only one thing to be done. We gave Nikolai Ivanovich a sheet of paper and a pen, and asked him to draw us a verbal portrait — a very detailed and precise description of the man's appearance, done according to a scientific system.

Soon after that a report on the plot and Kuznetsov's description of von Ortel were radioed to Moscow.

\* \* \*

In a large grey building in the centre of Moscow a smartly uniformed captain put the decoded radio message from Medvedev's detachment on the desk of a counter-intelligence chief.

The chief, a middle-aged man with a very tired-looking face, took his glasses from a pocket, polished them carefully with a piece of chamois, and began studying the message.

"Well," he said to himself musingly, "we are getting some very interesting facts."

He got up from his desk, twirled the dial of the large wall safe and opened the heavy door. Rummaging inside, he located a thin folder. From it he pulled

out two sheets with typewritten reports and carefully reread both of them. Following the terse lines of the first despatch, he visualised the event it dealt with. It had happened a few days earlier.

... The capital of a certain Balkan country to all intents and purposes occupied by the nazis, at a late hour in autumn, rolling gently, its tyres whispering on the concrete of the flying field, a long black Mercedes pulls up beside a huge bomber with no markings. Huddled against the cold, a man climbs out of the car. He looks like an ordinary bank clerk. But he is no clerk. And he is far from ordinary. He is SS Brigadeführer Walter Schellenberg, chief of the Sixth Division of the Reich Security Main Office. Two men hurry to meet him. They report to him. Their names, though not shrouded in legend like Otto Skorzeny's are no less known in certain quarters. One of the men, Sturmbannführer Julius Schulze, rendered an important service to the Führer as far back as the "night of long knives", when he helped Hitler to get rid of his rivals, Röhm and Schleicher. The other man, Wilhelm Merz, also has an "illustrious" record.

Under the black wing of the plane six other men stand immobile, on their backs the humps of parachute packs. They have no names. They left them in Copenhagen. Nor will they need them. No matter how the operation ends — in success or failure — the six are not coming back, ever. But they do not know this.

The report completed, a short command is given and the field empties. The black Mercedes drives away. With a mighty roar of engines the bomber takes off and melts into the night. The navigator is in his compartment. On a table before him is a chart illuminated by a faint bulb. A pencilled circle marks the destination: Shiraz.

Soundlessly, the black Mercedes races across the city. Reclining in the black leather seat the Brigadeführer hurriedly jots down a radio message: "SS Reichsführer Himmler No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse, Berlin. Secret, Reich importance. Operation Long Jump has started."

... The second report in the wall safe, just a few lines, concerned the fact of increased activity lately by Max von Oppenheim, a noted archaeologist and nazi resident in Iran.

Placing all three sheets in

front of him, the tired middle-aged man said softly, to himself: "So, it's Teheran..."

\* \* \*

Oberleutnant Paul Siebert never saw his "friend" and would-be superior officer again. When he returned to Rovno a few days later, Maya Mikota told him the sensational news: the day before SS Sturmbannführer von Ortel had shot himself in his "dental office" in 272 German Street. Maya had been told this at the Gestapo. She had not seen the corpse...

Kuznetsov was absolutely sure there was no corpse — von Ortel had simulated suicide. But he was worried: why had von Ortel left Rovno so suddenly? There could be only one of two reasons. Either he had been unexpectedly summoned to Berlin, or he had suddenly become alarmed over his excessive frankness with an army officer. In the latter case Kuznetsov was in a very dangerous situation. Von Ortel had divulged to Siebert a secret of state importance, and he might decide to have the dangerous witness removed.

We took every precaution to safeguard Nikolai Ivanovich. As for the reason for von Ortel's sudden disappearance from



Rovno, to this day we can only guess.

...There were some strange goings-on in Teheran in late November, 1943. Several prominent members of the German colony there vanished into thin air one after another. One morning the valet of one of them, on entering the bedroom of his master with a heap of fresh newspapers as usual, found only a rumpled bed and a pyjama button. All of his master's suits were in their usual place, in the wardrobe.

At night, brief but fierce skirmishes occurred now in one part of the city, now in another. Sometimes a single pistol shot roused the silence. The faithful Muslims only vugged their beards in bewilderment: what a noisy place Teheran had become!

In a certain house in the street leading to the airport the Teheran police found the dead bodies of two young men. There were no papers on them. It had proved impossible to establish their identity or nationality, nor had anybody tried very hard. The bodies had one distinctive feature, however — a strange mark tattooed near the left armpit. The slow-moving Teheran police did not know that these marks indicated the blood group of their owners and were

tattooed only on SS officers.

The C-54 plane, carrying the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, landed in Teheran. It had flown from Cairo, covering 1,310 miles over the Suez Canal, Jerusalem, Baghdad, the Euphrates and the Tigris. The President, tired after the long flight, and already fatally ill, was driven to the US Embassy, just over a mile outside the city.

President Roosevelt's party to the conference consisted of 77 persons, including Harry Hopkins, his special assistant, Admiral Leahy, his Chief of Staff; Averell Harriman, General Marshall, General Arnold, General Somervell, General Handy, General Dean, and Major Bettinger (the President's son-in-law). The party also included the famous Philipino cooks.

The next morning, Sunday, November 28, President Roosevelt was visited by Averell Harriman and Michael Reilly, chief of the President's bodyguard. His visitors looked worried. Harriman said that the Russians had just informed him that the city was full of nazi agents, and that "unpleasant incidents" were possible. It was a mild way of saying "attempts on the President's life".

"The Russians suggest that you move to one of the villas on their Embassy grounds, where they guarantee your complete safety." Harriman concluded.

"And you Mike, what do you say?" the President turned to his chief bodyguard. Gloomy Reilly muttered something remotely resembling advice to accept the offer.

At 3 p.m. the US President and his close associates moved to the Soviet Embassy grounds in the centre of Teheran. The rest of the President's party stayed at Camp Park, headquarters of the US forces stationed in the Persian Gulf area.

A strong guard was posted around the British Embassy, where Prime Minister Churchill was staying and which was practically next door to the Soviet Embassy.

The Soviet intelligence service had reliably ensured the safety of the Big Three.

...About a month later, the guerrilla detachment in the forests near Rovno, thousands of miles away from Teheran, received a bundle of Moscow newspapers, considerably back-dated. It gave us great pleasure to show one of them, a copy of *Pravda* for December 19, 1943, to Nikolai Ivanovich Somewhat later, he repeated the contents of

an item in that issue that had been carefully marked in red pencil, to Maya Mikota. It was a kind of compensation for the Persian rugs she never received. It read:

"London, December 17 (TASS) According to Reuters' Washington correspondent, President Roosevelt said at a press conference that he had stayed at the Russian Embassy in Teheran, and not at the US Embassy, owing to what Stalin had learnt about a nazi plot.

"Marshal Stalin had told him, President Roosevelt said, that it was possible that an attempt on the lives of all the participants in the conference would be made. He had asked President Roosevelt to stop at the Soviet Embassy, so as to avoid the necessity of making trips across the city. . . The President said that perhaps a hundred German spies had been in Teheran. It would have been rather advantageous to the Germans, President Roosevelt added, if they could have dealt drastically with Marshal Stalin, Churchill and himself, as they were driving through the streets of Teheran."

Thus, Operation Long Jump was cut short by Soviet intelligence.

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

**HOW TO BECOME A PERSONALITY?** This question arises before each new generation. The subject evoked a lively discussion in the pages of the most popular newspaper among Soviet young people — KOMSO-MOLSKAYA PRAVDA.

**THE SUN OF RUSSIAN POETRY** On the 175th birth anniversary of Russia's greatest poet, Alexander Pushkin, a well-known writer and literary critic shares his reflections on the poet's works. Colour photographs of places associated with Pushkin accompany the text.

**THE ATOMIC HEART OF MANGYSHLAK.** About the world's first industrial atomic power plant and the story of how atomic power produced fresh water for a town in the middle of a desert.

**LEARNING WHILE LAUGHING** Everything you wanted to know about Soviet film cartoons.

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